

SEP. 13 1945

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OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS

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COUNTRY LIFE

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Karl Schenker

MRS. E. DE M. MALAN

Mrs. Malan is the wife of Major Edward de Merindol Malan, and during her husband's absence abroad has been District Organiser for the Churches Work for Women in the Forces

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE END AND THE BEGINNING

THE opening by the King of a new Parliament with a new Government on the day of the last enemy's utter defeat—his capitulation following barely a week after the first application of science's most awesome discovery—was symbolic. Close on six years of war ended, years of world-wide catastrophe and unexampled achievement, of blood and sweat and tears, destruction and death, but withal of heroic endeavour, of a searing purification and re-vitalising of the spirit. That overcast day of Summer showers, in contrast to the brilliant sunshine of May that greeted the first stage of peace, seemed appropriate to the country's sober mood, in which rejoicing that the long dark tunnel is left behind is mingled with puzzled wonder at the prospect now lying ahead. If we the human race, no less than we the people of Britain, are to find our way successfully across the unfamiliar country ahead, this is a time for careful conning of the chart rather than delirious whoopee.

The replanning and reconstruction of London is typical of the problems confronting civilisation, and at the Institute of Civil Engineers in Great George Street, Westminster, is exhibited an actual chart for that huge microcosm of the world, Greater London. It consists in the diagrams and illustrations prepared for, but perforce omitted from, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning's outline plan published last December and described in some detail at the time. We shall reproduce some of it next week. Sir Patrick Abercrombie has here devised a map for the future of 2,600 square miles, perhaps the most complex area in the world, inhabited by 6¼ millions. Its object, as with all plans from Queen Elizabeth's onwards, is basically to prevent further growth of industry and population within the London Region by finding locations for such of them as the L.C.C. plan seeks to direct elsewhere in eight new satellite towns and various existing towns, the whole so disposed and serviced that the inevitable process of growth shall take place to the benefit instead of to the prejudice of human values. As Minister of Town and Country Planning, Mr. Lewis Silkin has a tremendous opportunity in effecting the realisation not only of this inspiring plan but of those prepared by other cities. They represent evolution, not revolution, but even so require more extended powers, particularly as to the control of land, than appeared likely to be forthcoming from the last Government. Whatever views may be held on the recent Election, its verdict is to be welcomed if the blue-prints for the replanning of our cities and their environs in harmony with the new age are thereby realised and epochal opportunities not suffered to be lost for ever.

Evolution not revolution in the houses that will compose the new towns is likewise foreshadowed by the results of a competition held by the House Building Industries' Standing Committee displayed at the Building Centre. Its aim is to devise permanent houses, of traditional type but incorporating the latest methods and amenities, of 900 sq. ft. at £1 per sq. ft. cost. The designs, exhibited by some two dozen leading contractors, show considerable variety of arrangement within their limits. Externally, most of them are of familiar type, but the plans, and in some cases the methods of building, show a big advance. The most noteworthy in the latter respect are the "Mulberry" houses, the side, rear, and party walls of which are built of poured concrete in order to overcome the present shortage of bricklayers, who are only required for the erection of the fronts. The front is the last part to be erected, enabling all the construction to be done as through the open side of a dolls' house. Yet, even so, the cost is not expected to be less than the all-brick type. In that paradox—the present irreducible cost of minimum requirements—is summed up the essence of every problem in the new epoch now beginning.

TO A LOVER

*WHEN you would praise me, never echo names
Of those who loved and suffered in years past,
Lest, rising, they envelop us at last,
And steal our fire to kindle Troy's dead flames.
Say not: "Your eyes made once the surging flood
Leander's causeway," nor yet: "Yours the smile
That kept Marc Antony beside the Nile,
Though Caesar called to battle and to blood."
Could I inherit Cleopatra's grace,
Hero's or Helen's beauty, then their doom
Descending also, might erect our tomb.
Love then the imperfections of my face;
Heart's, eye's, lip's attributes are mine alone,
And, being mine, are yours, till life is done.*

PRUDENCE MACDONALD.

CONTINUITY AND STABILITY

AGRICULTURE has bidden a more or less official farewell—at any rate for a time—to Mr. Hudson, and on the same occasion welcomes his successor. Mr. Tom Williams is no stranger either to farmers or to his Ministry, where his quiet efficiency and determination to understand before he moved have been familiar during Coalition days. To his first Press Conference he came as an old friend bringing assurance of continuity and stability of policy, and though at such an early hour he could not but be cautious, he gave a welcome assurance that the Government intended to make no sudden or drastic changes. "If we cannot," he said, "take agriculture out of politics, perhaps we can prevent it becoming the plaything of politicians." This is sound sense, and the possibility of its accomplishment in the present Parliament is rendered both likelier and easier by the large number of Government supporters who have been returned for agricultural constituencies. They are not likely to forget the importance of maintaining a healthy and prosperous farming industry or of making certain that farmers and farm workers who play their part in feeding the nation get a fair and reasonable reward for their efforts. From this point of view it will be a great advantage if as soon as possible a Labour Agricultural Committee is formed in the House of Commons as it was, under the chairmanship of Mr. George Dallas, under the last Labour Administration. There is nothing of course to suggest lack of sympathy with agriculture on the part of the Government's supporters as a whole, but many of them are chiefly interested in the solution of urban problems and it will be all to the good if rural interests and sympathies are made to converge as early as possible. As for the late Minister, he leaves behind him a record of energetic achievement and wisdom in the direction of a scientifically conceived policy which none of his predecessors could challenge. Under Mr. Williams's sagacious direction the handling of long-term considerations is not likely to lose its well-informed and scientific basis.

"THE BEST CLUB IN LONDON"

THERE are some sayings with which we are all well acquainted without being able to trace them to any save that convenient source "Anon." Among these is one that is now being put to the test by a large number of new members, namely that the House of Commons is the best club in London. It is true that we know where to find it, for Dickens put it in the mouth of little Mr. Twemlow, whose claim to fame was that he was a cousin of Lord Snigsworth. It is attributed to him by the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*, but was Dickens the first to say it? Mr. Twemlow was hardly the man to originate anything and his creator may merely have adopted a familiar saying on his behalf. It sounds as if it went further back to the days of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox. At the moment many people would subscribe to another opinion—that the worst club is better than none at all. This is the time of cleaning and of staff holidays; it is no longer possible, as it used to be, for temporarily evicted members to be billeted on another club. As a result there are many homeless wanderers in London longing pathetically for the day when these well-known portals shall be open to them again.

ECOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS

IN one of our recent *Prospect Before Us* articles Mr. Jellico stated that the ecologist may well become the arbiter among the various interests concerned in the future of landscape. Any readers who looked up "ecologist" in the *New English Dictionary* would not have found it, though it is there under "oecology," the word compounded by the German philosopher-biologist, Haeckel, in 1869, from the Greek *oikos*, home, to signify the mutual relations between living things and their environment. In *Natural Principles of Land Use*, an American book published by the Oxford University Press (16s.), the author, E. H. Graham, calls it "a way of thinking" rather than a branch of science. It has made great headway in the United States. In this country, with our tradition of mixed farming, agriculture has tended to observe ecological principles unconsciously as regards fauna and flora; it is ecology at the human level that requires fuller consideration, by planners rather than agronomes. None the less ecology is opposed to monoculture in forestry, as with a single species of conifer where it is "isolated from its natural organic complex comprising commercially less valuable, but biologically important species"; and discourages unpremeditated attempts to eliminate reputedly injurious animals and insects as liable to upset the balance of Nature in quite unexpected ways.

THE GOLFING CROWD

IF there was ever any doubt whether the war years had impaired the public appetite for watching sport it has quickly been resolved. The "Victory" match between England and Australia packed Lord's tighter than it had ever been packed before, and even the White City could not hold nearly all the people who wanted to see the two great Swedish runners. And now, though the figures are naturally smaller, golf has produced a crowd to see the professionals at Mid-Surrey such as probably has never been seen near London before. To see every hole, to say nothing of every stroke, was, despite good management, beyond the powers of the tallest or most athletic spectator; most people contented themselves with forming up behind the next green or even the next green but one, watching the second shots come up and hoping for a glimpse of the putting. That many of them knew little or nothing about the game was obvious from their remarks, but they enjoyed themselves, and it is clear that golf has become an essentially popular spectacle, especially when, as at Richmond, it can be had for nothing. At certain places—St. Andrews is a case in point—it is possible to shepherd the onlookers right off the course, giving them a good view from the side and leaving the players free. There are other courses where this is hardly possible, but some such plan will surely have to be devised.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES...

By

Major C. S. JARVIS



A. J. Woodley

AT SUTTON POYNTZ, DORSET

FOR some reason, which is quite beyond me, all the oats I have seen in this part of the world have been at least six inches taller than normally, while the other crops, though extremely healthy, have appeared to be much the same height as usual at this time of the year. Another plant which has found weather conditions entirely to its liking has been the pea, and in the fields of dredge corn where it figures as a token growth to comply with Government regulations concerning chicken corn, it has been something much more than a mere token this year, for every seed has germinated and it has towered above the oats with its rich green foliage and crimson flowers. After the harvest and threshing the pea in the dredge corn should figure, not as a solitary salute to officialdom as it did in other years, with its single grain here and there out of hailing distance from the next, but as a quite substantial part of the resulting chicken feed. This should delight the hens, who have never had very much use for dredge corn, which control decrees is the only hard food they may be offered. They have never been able to understand why unappetising oats should be included in such bulk to the detriment of the much-more-sustaining barley and the attractive pea. One can tell from the muttered remarks, which they make one to the other at feeding-time, that they are grumbling at too much official control. It is not only the field pea which has made phenomenal growth, but also the culinary pea, and in my garden some rows of a variety certified to be only 3 feet high reached 7 feet, with apparently a considerable reserve of energy still in hand. I cannot imagine what the result would have been if I had sown Ne Plus Ultra, which are billed to attain a height of 6 feet!

* * *

AN amazing, if distressing, story concerning the activities of the famous Long Range Desert Group in Libya has just reached me. In the early days of the war a strong patrol from this small unit was sent to occupy the oasis of Siwa, and were informed by G.H.Q., Cairo, which were nicknamed not unjustly the Short Range Shephard's Group, that Siwa was not, repeat not, malarial. On the strength of this assurance the patrol made its permanent camp in the midst of the palm trees by one of those delightful pools of water for which the oasis is famous, and almost immediately men began to go down with a disease which was so suspiciously like malaria that the doctor of the patrol, at the risk of being considered insubordinate, diagnosed it as such. He indented for the necessary curative and preventive drugs, and received the curative medicines, but not the others, being sternly reminded that Siwa was not, repeat not, malarial.

* * *

IT transpired, when half the patrol had gone down with the disease, that among the files in the possession of the S.R.S.G. was one dealing with the operations of the Light Car Patrols of 1916 in Siwa during the Senussi invasion when a serious outbreak of malaria had occurred. As the result of this the most active anti-malaria steps were taken, so that eventually the authorities were able to report the oasis free from the anopheles mosquito and the concomitant disease. At the end of that year the Egyptian Government made some effort to continue the good work by allowing £40

annually to the local sheikh to keep the pools and drainage channels clean, and as documentary evidence was available that this £40 had been paid annually it constituted definite proof to the Short Range Shephard's Group that the oasis was not malarial.

* * *

THOUGH I have had long experience of fighting the mosquito in the oases and other spots, I have never dared to announce complete victory, as one month's slackness on the part of the workmen employed on drainage was sufficient always to undo the work of years, for half-a-dozen camel footprints which fill with water will breed enough of the insects to infect a whole Brigade. One of my tasks was to drain a marsh near Tor on the Gulf of Suez, the big Quarantine Station for the Mecca pilgrimage, and I achieved a brilliant, but short-lived success. The outbreak of malaria which followed a year's complete immunity was far worse than anything that had happened previously. After a vituperative correspondence—and the mosquito has caused more quarrels of the *tu-quoque* and "whodunit" varieties among Heads of Departments than anything in existence—it was discovered that the Quarantine staff, on evacuating the station at the end of the pilgrimage season, had forgotten to run bath taps and pull plugs. Every cistern in the buildings was full of a mixture of five per cent. water and ninety-five per cent. mosquito larvae.

* * *

IT is said by those who have had experience of the deserts during this war that the day of the camel is over, and that mechanisation in the form of patrol cars in war and lorries in peace have ousted the poor old ship of the desert (I apologise for the inevitable *cliché*) from his old haunts. If, however, the camel, a beast to whom I always doff my hat, has outlived his sphere of usefulness in the wastes of Arabia and Libya I feel that he might be of great value in this country, and prove to be a solution of the difficulties of transport, accommodation and rationing which pertain in the City of London to-day; at any rate so long as the weather holds fine and suitable for camping. A visit to London now shows the necessity for being absolutely self-contained as regards sleeping accommodation, provision of meals and method of travel, and the chief attribute of the camel as a means of transport is that his rider is self-contained in every way for five days—six at a stretch.

WITH one's suit case, valise, bivouac tent and five days' rations, including forage, in the *khoorgs* (saddle-bags)—a light load for a fast-trotting *hageen*—one could set forth in the morning from one's home, eliminating all worry about whether the basic petrol will admit of transport to the station or not, and the wait for standing room only in the hour-late train; and at a steady five-miles-an-hour trot reach London in two days, obtaining a delightful view of the countryside from one's lofty seat on the way up. On reaching Piccadilly one would turn right into Green Park, which can be done at any spot now that the railings are down, and several excellent camping sites will be found around St. James's Park lake with water and grazing for the camel. Possibly the police might interfere, but if faced with the impossible demand that they should find alternative accommodation for the night with a seat in a restaurant they could not persist in their objection.

* * *

THE following morning in one's pin-stripe suit and black hat one would have no necessity to join a squabbling bus queue, and argue later with a conductress as to whether there is room at the top; nor indulge in that quite hopeless task of looking for a taxi which has not got its flag rusted into the down position. Instead, one would mount one's camel, and jog comfortably down Piccadilly to the various shops, offices and clubs at which one had to pay calls. While one was conducting one's business the camel could be *barraked* (knelt) outside with his halter tied to a foreleg, and when the majority of London visitors have adopted the camel, as undoubtedly they will when they realise his value, the police will probably arrange for *barraking* along the right kerb on even days of the month and on odd days along the left. In my mind's eye I see the car parks around Whitehall packed like a caravanserai with squatting camels, glimpse the clubmen mounting their steeds after lunch, and at dusk hear no longer the honk of the taxi horn, but instead the bubbling-grumble of the somnolent camel. The night air will be permeated with the camel's pungent smell and, if the many restaurants of Piccadilly and St. James's come into line by using garlic freely in their kitchens, one may be able to breathe in that mysterious and fascinating odour of the East about which our travelling novelists write so enthusiastically.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT WHIN SILL

By G. BERNARD WOOD

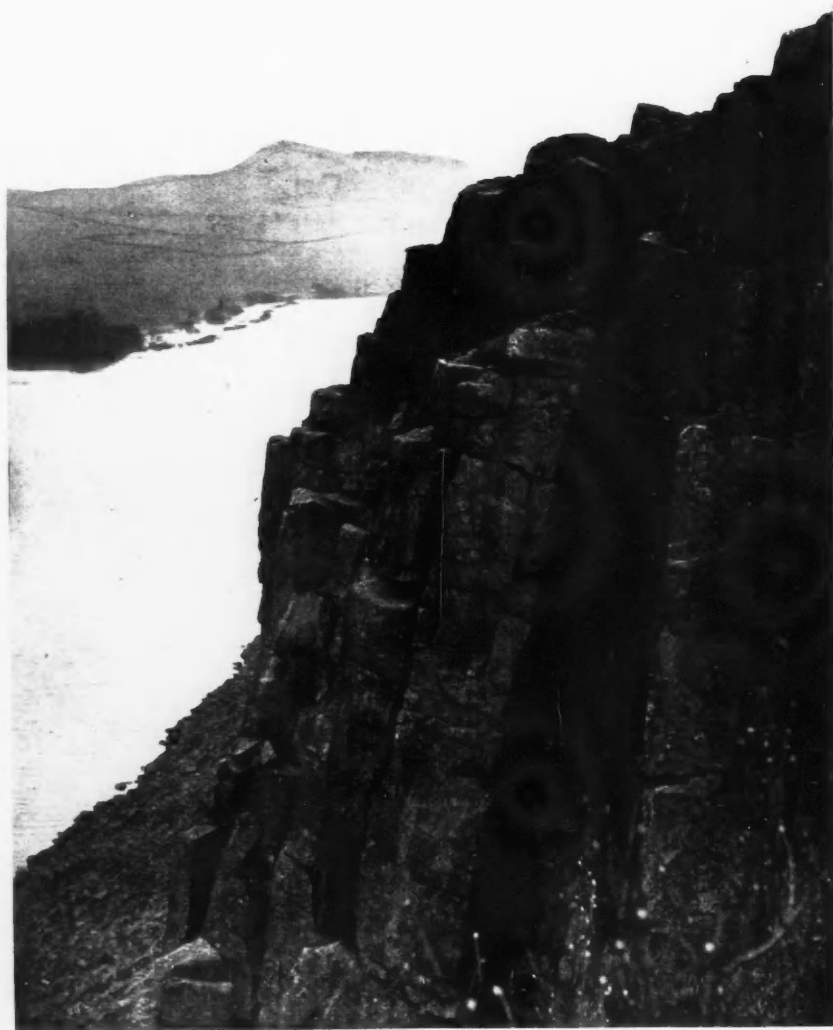
A REPTILIAN monster in stone! This, if you glance at a geological map of Britain, will seem a fitting description of that extensive sheet of basalt—the pride of Northumbria—known to geologists as the Great Whin Sill. Shown on the map as a sinuous black band, the Great Whin Sill is described as “an intrusive sheet of quartz-dolerite of volcanic origin.”

The monster's head and body form a series of menacing hunches—the mighty, beetling crags and precipices that greet you in Upper Teesdale, again eastwards of Cross Fell, and notoriously in the neighbourhood of Thirlwall and Housesteads; the writhings of its vicious, knobbly tail stir the foam off the coast at Bamburgh and beyond, where sea-fowl cry in continual lament.

Some day, says Edmund Vale, the Great Whin Sill will be recognised as one of our grandest scenic features, perhaps rivalling our limestone and chalk “showpieces.” Certain sections are, of course, even now appreciated by many. Two areas suggested in Mr. John Dower's recent report for the Minister of Town and Country Planning as being suitable for preservation as National Parks—the Roman Wall (170 square miles), and the North Pennines, including the Tees—owe much of their attraction to the Great Whin Sill. Yet one aspect seems to have escaped notice—the strange connection which this spectacular geological feature creates between the story of Hadrian's Wall, the epic of Grace Darling and the immortal theme of St. Cuthbert



1.—HIGH SHIELDS CRAG. RISING FROM CRAG LOUGH, AND A SECTION OF HADRIAN'S WALL



and the dawn of Christianity in northern England. Nowhere else in Britain has local geology shaped so romantic and so diverse a narrative.

History has played but lightly around High Force and Caldron Snout (Upper Teesdale), two of the finest bits of exhibitionism staged by the Whin Sill. Cronkley Fell, between the two waterfalls, is quite Wagnerian, and the awe which the neighbourhood must have inspired at one time is suggested by the name given to the centre rock which divides the waters as they plunge over the precipice at High Force. The rock is called “the palace of the genius of the river,” the “genius” being the tutelary deity.

The next notable outcrop is at High Cup Nick, an enormous amphitheatre 500 feet high, where the basaltic cliffs are capped by beds of limestone and grit. The ravine occasionally echoes to the hoarse croak of the raven, but the Nick's other name, The Eagle's Chair, recalls the times when the golden eagle was to be seen hovering around its eyrie on the basaltic ledges.

From this rarely-visited place the Great Whin Sill curls back in a north-easterly direction, cropping out around Alston in Cumberland and eventually achieving some of its grandest effects as Northumberland is entered near Greenhead.

The best stretches of the Roman Wall occupy the crest of the Whin Sill. It provides a natural barrier; from the south comes a gentle, grassy incline, ending abruptly in precipitous cliffs of greyish-black rock. Here and there patches of chives were planted in the rock crevices by the Romans: the savoury herb still flourishes near Walltown House. Camden stated that this was only one of the medicinal herbs that had been introduced here for the cure of wounds.

The actual building of the Wall is recalled, near Chesters (Cilurnum), by the sight of a huge block of basalt, split off with wedges (the wedge-holes are still visible), which was evidently abandoned by the quarriers when they found it was too massive to move further. Building operations on one section of the Wall—near High Shields Crag (Fig. 1), a few miles to the west of Chesters—are the subject of one of William Bell Scott's frescoes at Wallington Hall, near Morpeth (Fig. 7). A magnificent column of rock rises almost vertically from the waters of Crag Lough and, in the foreground, British tribesmen hewed and placed basalt blocks, under the whip of their Roman masters.

(Left) 2.—BASALT COLUMNS TOWERING ABOVE A NORTHUMBRIAN LAKE ON THE LINE OF HADRIAN'S WALL

G. Bernard Wood



G. Bernard Wood

3.—BAMBURGH CASTLE CROWNING AN OUTCROP OF THE GREAT WHIN SILL ON THE ROCKY COAST NOTORIOUS FOR MANY WRECKS

Housesteads (Borcovicium) is situated on the very summit of the Whin Sill, crowning a singularly beautiful crest of its wave-like ridge. The name of the fort is said to be derived from a neighbouring hill, Borcom, which gave the Romans much of the stone for this part of the Wall. The windings of the Wall to the west of Housesteads, where Winshields Crag lifts the fortification to its highest point, 1,230 feet, are also determined by the sweep and the many undulations of the Whin Sill. Towering rock columns, sheltering a variety of plants and mosses in their crevices, reach far down to Crag Lough—the haunt of water-hen and wild duck.

The mile castles and the Wall itself, hereabouts, have been most skilfully adapted to the rise and fall of the basalt cliffs. Perhaps the most impressive section of all is where the Nine Nicks of Thirlwall carry the fortification. Here the rock attains its maximum thickness of 180 feet; but not far beyond, where the basalt no longer "confronts the North with mailed breast," the Wall was at its weakest.

Away to the west the Solway breaks upon the horizon, while to the east some of the crags already mentioned are cleft in places by gaps with tell-tale names. There are Shepherd's Pass, occupying the site of Sewingshields Castle, which Sir Walter Scott brings into *Harold the Dauntless*; Cat Gate, cut through the rock either by the Romans as a sally-port or by the wily Scots; and Busy Gap, which saw many raiding parties from the north, persisting with its notorious traffic until comparatively recent times.

As A. G. Bradley declared, even if there were no Wall capping its

heights, the whinstone ridge itself would be worth going far to see. But unfortunately gaps are still being made or threatened along the actual line of the Wall where it clings to the crags, for the basalt is quarried for road metal.

After leaving the neighbourhood of Chesters the Great Whin Sill swerves north-east, forming Gunnerton Crags, near Barrasford, where a

number of ancient camps, suggesting a large population, crown the summits. Then comes a succession of smaller outcrops heading for the coast, with Elf Hills, Kylloe Crags and Spindle-stone Crags as preparatory flourishes for the last, mighty snap or two of the tail.

Cullernose Point, with its striking 120-foot-high basalt crag, sets the stage for this final



4.—THE 16TH-CENTURY CASTLE OF LINDISFARNE



5.—GRACE DARLING'S TOMB AT BAMBURGH

drama. Immediately to the north the fishing village of Craster snuggles within its haven; then the Whin Sill throws up, on the cliff edge, a massive platform on which stands the ruin of Dunstanburgh Castle.

Simon de Montfort, who purchased the barony of neighbouring Embleton in 1257, is thought to have recognised the value of this magnificent sea-crag as a site for a castle, but the building of the fortress was left to the son of Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Leicester. That was in 1313. Dunstanburgh is a forlorn ruin to-day, resembling Dunluce in Antrim in more than one respect, yet the romance of the place—derived so largely from its position—is inescapable. Was not Queen Margaret, after a period of hiding in one of the towers, lowered down this very rock-edge to a boat waiting for her in a savagely-fashioned inlet now known as Queen Margaret's Cove? While peering over you may be startled by the sudden, screeching flight of a fulmar petrel; only within recent years has this lovely bird begun to nest on the basalt columns.

Ten miles up the coast Bamburgh Castle (Fig. 3), where Ida the Flame-bearer built the first fortress (c. 547 A.D.), crowns another glorious outcrop of the Whin Sill. The towers and bastions seem to grow out of the bare rock, which, as it dips again on the north side, spreads adamantine strips of glistening iron-grey towards the sea. It was on these same rock ledges, where they form hidden reefs beneath the waves, that so many wrecks have occurred in the past—wrecks that were at one time heralded with glee by Bamburgh folk because of the plunder to be gained. In 1472 they took toll of the "Bishop's Barge" which had crashed on the rocks; it was a large, sea-going craft built by Bishop Kennedy of St. Andrews at a cost of something like £10,000. Probably this haul by the fisherfolk prompted their later petition: Let us pray for a good harvest this Winter.

The wreck of the *Forfarshire* in September, 1838, which was the means of conferring such fame on Grace Darling and on Bamburgh where she



6.—ST. CUTHBERT'S ISLE SEEN FROM LINDISFARNE

G. Bernard Wood

was born, occurred on Harcar, one of the Farne Islands. The Farnes, though so perilous to mariners, are really beautiful with their tall basalt columns and pinnacles; they are the farthest limit, eastwards, of the Whin Sill's astonishing display. As the haunt of the eider duck, shag, fulmar petrel, oyster-catcher, razorbill, guillemot and many other species, the Farnes have become a bird sanctuary controlled jointly by the National Trust and the Farne Islands Association.

It was to the Inner Farne, of course, that St. Cuthbert retired in 676 A.D., where he built for himself a crude dwelling of stones and turf. Clad in hermit's garb and accompanied by his friends, the eider duck and the sea-otters, he is often portrayed in ecclesiastical art. A good modern window at Kirkleatham Church, North Yorkshire, shows him thus, with some of the grand, basalt columns of the Inner Farne as background.

But St. Cuthbert's story—and that of the Great Whin Sill—would not be complete without some reference to Holy Island (Lindisfarne), five miles north of the Farnes, for this island, too, owes its character and history to the sheet of igneous rock that we have followed for over 70 miles.



Philipson

7.—WILLIAM BELL SCOTT'S FRESCO AT WALLINGTON HALL, NEAR MORPETH, DEPICTING THE BUILDING OF THE ROMAN WALL

After crossing the three-mile stretch of sand that separates the isle from mainland—a crossing which, at high tide, must be made in one of the old cars or horse-drawn carts kept for the purpose—you set foot on soil that has been sacred for centuries. Here, in 635, Aidan, a monk from Iona, came with the tidings of Christianity; he found the island dominated by a great basalt rock called Beblowe. In 1539 or thereabouts this was used as the base of the famous castle (Fig. 4), which has so often been described.

Far less conspicuous than Beblowe, but equally significant historically, is a small, rocky islet situated about 200 yards south-west of the main island. This diminutive spot, covering only a few square yards, is another hummock raised by the Great Whin Sill. Here Cuthbert, Aidan's successor, built a chapel, traces of which still remain. As the life of the main island had proved too distracting for his contemplative nature, he retired to the further seclusion of this rock which has come to bear his name; Bede spoke of it as "a place more distant from the monastery (on Holy Island), surrounded on every side by the returning waves of the sea." It was later, of course, that Cuthbert withdrew to the Inner Farne.

In 1884, when St. Cuthbert's Church, Philbeach Gardens, Kensington, S.W., was erected, a foundation stone for the building was quarried from Holy Island. Historically, therefore, this stone is the symbol and counterpart of the indomitable rock which forms the very sinews of Northumbria.

THE OLD ELM

Written and Illustrated by
JAMES THORPE

PEACE, alas, has its disasters no less than war. In the great annual Spring-cleaning campaign a glass shade, sheltering an alabaster vase of Victorian silk flowers, had slipped through a pair of busy but irreverent hands and crashed. Such accidents are always the result of the malevolent ingenuity of the inanimate object and are never due to the clumsy carelessness of the human agent.

In desperation, knowing the impossibility of replacing the shade and with only a very faint hope, I took the remains and went down to see Sam. With his glass-cutter he might be able to trim off the lower jagged edge and make it serviceable for some future use. Sam was formerly in the Royal Navy and consequently can do most things from mending watches, clocks, motor-bikes, punctured tyres and broken china to building chicken-houses and tool-sheds. In this case, however, Sam was defeated. His glass-cutter, although it would cut panes for windows or garden frames, was insufficient for this more delicate operation. He was sorry to fail me and could only suggest that I should take it into the town, where the picture-framer had a proper diamond.

We discussed the probability of more rain and then, without any warning, Sam dropped his bomb. "Can't you do something, sir, to have that old tree cut down?"

This was a staggerer, like a flashing punch between the eyes. I had always regarded the ancient elm as one of the noblest features of our end of the village, an essential part of many pleasant compositions of cottage, hedge, orchard and road. At once I remembered all the wasteful mischief done in our woods by the Ministry of Supply (Timber Department), the destruction of the Shrewsbury limes, and the reckless sacrifice of thousands of old houses and bridges to the insatiable god of speed. He might as well have asked me to help to pull down our 13th-century church. I had thought that Sam, as a loyal and patriotic villager, would be proud of the elm, which, by virtue of its long history and patriarchal dignity, should surely be above criticism.

I stood aghast and breathless, waiting for the reason of his attack. "He's a prapper noosance, sir, he is; his gert roots goes all under my bit of garden and he keeps off all the afternoon sun. All the women hates him; the blossom floats all over the place and gets blown and trodden into the houses. Prapper noosance he is, sure 'nuff; and one of these days he'll get blowed down."

I suggested that in view of its age this might happen soon and that it should be allowed to spend its last days in peace. But Sam was for instant action, and I had to incur his contemptuous disgust by explaining that, although I had no power to destroy or protect it, I was strongly in favour of the latter course of action. Sam snorted and continued sweeping the offending blossom from the pathway to his front door and I seized the opportunity to escape.

The incident is of no importance, except that it confirms a long-standing conviction, not generally realised, that the very great majority of dwellers in the country and even more in the towns have no perception or reverence for age, tradition or beauty. They are equally apathetic about ugliness, destruction and noise, so long as these do not interfere with their personal convenience. They will visit in droves certain places designated and labelled "beauty



spots" by newspapers, post-card photographers and proprietors of garages, always provided there is a tea-shop, but are quite incapable of any personal discovery or selection. Any expression of a love or reverence for beauty is regarded with suspicion as a form of abnormality, eccentricity or even effeminacy.

These are facts that should be taken into serious account by all those excellent individuals and societies who are striving so nobly and bravely to preserve something of what beauty and historical evidence are left in this lovely country of ours. They will have to fight not only the organised powers of destruction but also this apathy of the great mass of the people, for whom practical utility is the only consideration.

Some years ago a firm of manufacturers of motor-oil erected in one of our fields a villainous advertisement, a harsh glaring announcement in yellow and vermillion. The site was well chosen and spoiled the aspect of a glorious stretch of road for several miles. A gentle remonstrance with the owner of the field was received with mystified surprise rather than with resentment. When I tried to explain simply the discord between the board and its beautiful surroundings, he regarded me with obvious pity. Although his offence was rank, he was quite unconscious of having offended and justified his crime by announcing that he was receiving five shillings a year rental from a very cunning advertising agent. For obvious reasons I did not tell him that he could easily have had four hundred times the price for such a valuable position, and shortly afterwards we were able to persuade the firm to remove the horror.

Later the road was widened, although a short by-pass could have been made at a small fraction of the cost, and this necessitated the destruction of five Elizabethan cottages, beautiful in shape, interesting in tradition and charming in colour. These were replaced by box-like structures of conventional design, drab appearance and restricted comfort; yet nearly all the residents would have their roomy old houses torn down and replaced by these cramped modern substitutes.

A little while ago I called at an excellent old inn in Shropshire, run by a very competent and charming old gentleman, who was justly proud of his possession and its tradition. He showed me his comfortable well-furnished lounge, on the walls of which hung a very good example of George Morland's essentially English art, an interesting Dutch landscape in the manner of Ruysdael and several pleasant modern water-colours. He assured me that though the room was full every night (it was near an R.A.F.

station) no one had ever commented on any of the pictures and he doubted whether one of his customers had even looked at them.

These are typical instances of the general modern attitude towards things of beauty and interest. Most people nowadays are far more interested in destroying than in creating or preserving. They are quite unconscious of the fact that England was and in some parts still is the loveliest country in the world. So they have no pride in their unparalleled inheritance nor desire to protect it. We who can remember the gracious days before the twin gods of greed and speed took possession of our lives must regret their passing. We cannot have a brave new world without a brave new people, sufficiently educated to appreciate the priceless value of their birthright and to preserve it.

Already the necessities of war and some measure of reckless extravagance have inflicted grievous harm on our green and pleasant land. Soon it is to be further scarred by ugly weals slashed across its face in order that foolish people may dash from one overcrowded burrow to another, at terrific and aimless speed, to escape from the peace and beauty of which they are afraid. Thousands of shoddy incongruous dwellings and factories are to be scattered indiscriminately over our fields in spite of town-planning schemes and laws.

If such things are really necessary, they can be controlled by considerations of beauty and harmony as well as of utility. Any attempt at restraint will be ignored or trampled on by the vast army of philistine officials and contractors, shouting out the battle-cry of "urgency." Any isolated action by individuals or small societies will be quite useless; the only possible chance of effective resistance lies in a co-ordinated, combined effort by all who are interested in preserving some of the beauty of our countryside. But such mobilisation must be made at once: the Goths and Vandals have been thoroughly organised and capitalised for some time and are ready to jump in with prefabricated vigour at a moment's notice.

Perhaps in fifty years' time our grandchildren will begin to discover pictures, books and records of the loveliness of England in the days of Peter de Wint, David Cox, Birket Foster and Mrs. Allingham and will realise with horror what they have lost through our callousness, ignorance and wanton destruction. Then and thereafter will these years be known as the era of the lout and the hooligan, when we fought nobly to defeat the ugliness of Nazidom, but allowed other official forms of destruction in our own land. By that time Sam's elm tree will certainly be no more.

OLD ENGLISH ROMERS AND RUMMERS—II

By G. BERNARD HUGHES

THE true English rummer with its capacious bowl and short stem began to grace the Georgian scene during the 1740s when the spirit rum was finding a high place in popular favour. As a class these rummers may not be viewed as belonging to the aristocracy of the glass world since they were mostly made for tavern use. A fairly representative collection of the 70 known varieties may yet be assembled at no great cost. Collectors also include as rummers those short-stemmed Regency goblets with cylindrical and bucket-shaped bowls: forms described by their Georgian designers merely as goblets.

Rum was consumed in this country as early as 1645, according to N. Darnell Davis, being then known as rumbullion. *The Domestic State Papers* 1658 and onward contain many references to rum: they also mention Rum Punch House Keepers in England as early as 1678. The Commissioner of Revenue reporting in 1677 referred to a rum tax already in operation. Stuart and early Georgian rum was of two kinds: clean and German. That it was sold by the bottle is indicated by C. Mather writing in 1702: "Wo to him that gives his Neighbours drink; that putteth thy Rhum-bottle to him and makest him drunken also." *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1737 records that there was "plenty of small rum-punch well soured with the juice of Limon or Orange."

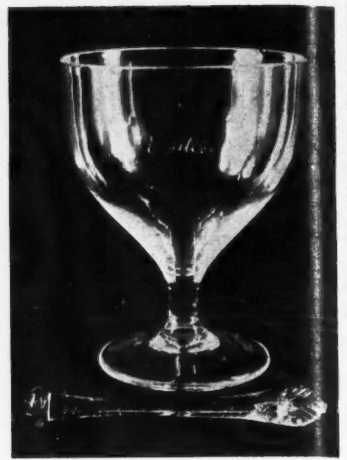
A solid heavy glass with a wide-mouthed bowl, very short stem, foot small in proportion to the bowl and usually of less diameter, the rummer was an example of the effects of the Glass Excise Act of 1745. The duties demanded by this Act, based on weight, caused English drinking-glasses to grow shorter and shorter. A long stem meant a heavier piece; also, a long stem demanded a large foot to prevent the glass from being constantly upset. Shortening the stem brought the vessel's centre of gravity nearer the table—hence the relatively small diameter of the rummer's foot. The rule for tall glasses was that the diameter of the foot should be at least that of the top of the bowl. In the vast majority of cases this proportion had been considerably exceeded. Excise Act economies checked this generous use of metal.

Twenty years passed before the rummer achieved the popularity which it retained until 1825. According to Buckley, the first Press advertisement announcing the rummer was made

in 1771, its earliest appearance in an Irish glass list being 1770. Subsequently it often occurred.

Unlike the romer, this rummer was primarily intended to hold rum and whatever other constituents (usually hot water, sugar, lemon, and nutmeg) the grog connoisseur desired. Originally this soothing drink consisted of one part rum and six parts hot water, the proportions prescribed by Admiral Vernon (1684-1757) for the sailors under his command. Vernon was nick-named "Old Grog" because he invariably wore a grogram cloak. As he made his mixture of water and rum obligatory for all ranks in the Navy, it was christened "grog."

The rummer eventually became the characteristic tavern glass in which hot drinks were brewed. In many surviving specimens the inside of the bowl will be found much scratched by the glass sugar-crushers used for breaking up the loaf sugar as it softened in the grog. These short glass rods, four to six inches in length, had a plain, cut, or written stem terminating in a pestle-like knob. The top was usually pressed into a decorative shape. Those used in taverns were made of the cheapest metal and cost 1s. 6d. a gross. Other rummers, though obviously much used, show no signs of crusher scratches. These, when of 18th-century origin, were used for wines, such as claret or burgundy. One author, writing in 1782, tells of a visitor at a wayside inn who "ordered in a bottle of the best port the beggarly place could produce, tossed it off in an ecstasy of two rummers—and died on the spot from sheer joy." During Regency days and later, the

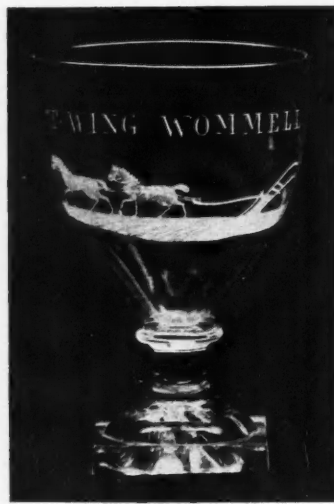


(Left) RUMMER WITH BUCKET-SHAPED BOWL ENGRAVED WITH A SCENE AT THE OPENING OF THE WEAR BRIDGE IN 1796. Strengthened bowl junction; centrally knopped stem on plain foot. Victoria and Albert Museum. (Right) TAVERN RUMMER WITH STRENGTHENED STEM JUNCTION MADE IN THE DUDLEY-STOURBRIDGE AREA BETWEEN 1790 AND 1800, AND SUGAR-CRUSHER OF THE TYPE USED IN TAVERNS. In the collection of Mrs. W. Hopley

common or tavern rummer of coarse glass was used for beer and cider.

Until about 1790 rummer bowls were made in one with the stem to which the foot was welded. Then came the three-piece rummer, its heavy bowl-stem junction strengthened by the addition of a sharp collar immediately beneath the curved bowl; in the case of the flat-bottomed bowl by a disc welded flat against the bowl. The curved bowl was common to both periods and included convex-sided, pear-shaped, conical, ogee and the rare double ogee, and hemispherical shapes. These were lighter in weight than the later types. To the second period only belonged the bowls with flat bottoms: the cylindrical, bucket, and rare barrel shapes of the Regency displaying cut flutes around the base of the bowl and representing the latest rummer development.

Deep-waisted ogee rummers were seldom



RUMMERS ENGRAVED WITH MASONIC EMBLEMS AND POSSESSING STRENGTHENED BOWL JUNCTIONS:—SPHERICAL BUCKET BOWL WITH CENTRALLY KNOPPED STEM ON A PLAIN FOOT AND OVOID BOWL WITH PLAIN STEM AND FOOT. (Middle) AGRICULTURAL RUMMER WITH AN OVOID BOWL ENGRAVED WITH HORSES AND A MAN PLOUGHING. Strengthened bowl junction and moulded dome foot on a square base. Early nineteenth century. (Right) BUCKET-BOWL RUMMER ENGRAVED WITH LANDSCAPE SHOWING A HOUSE, BIRDS, TREES, SHEEP, TWO COTTAGES AND A HORSE. Strengthened bowl junction; bladed knopped stem and plain foot

engraved except with a date immediately below the rim or with the name of the owner or tavern. They were not made before 1800. Ogee rummers with pressed flutes on the lower portion of the bowl were frequent; occasionally they were stemless, the flutes all rising from the step of the foot. The square-bucket bowl appeared shortly before 1805 and in 1812 the sides began to slope towards the base. This slope became more pronounced in later years. Regency and later rummers were often ornamented with cutting such as diamonds, leaf festoons and blazes. From 1810 the Edinburgh Glass House Company, Leith, was producing high quality rummers with elaborately cut bowls and cut feet.

The typical rummer has a short, thick stem, seldom more than one inch long, leaving little scope for variation. Yet stems may be divided into four classes: plain cylindrical, waisted, centrally knopped, cut. Knopping appeared throughout both periods of the English rummer but was rare until about 1800. At first the knop was little more than a flat disc; then it became a compressed sphere; from 1800 the sharp angular or bladed knop was used. Regency days frequently saw a fluted bowl with a plainly cut ball knop below.

Early rummers stood upon strong, plain round feet, generally flat with a single "step" upward to the stem, a pontil mark beneath. The thick square foot supporting a dome and four-sided pedestal stem appeared on the finer rummers soon after 1770, but it was not used extensively until 1790. This square foot, either flat or hollowed beneath, gave to the rummer much-needed stability. The dome was sometimes moulded in terraced form, but more frequently remained entirely plain or after 1810 was enlivened by the brilliant reflection of a star either cut or impressed in the hollow beneath. These thick, massive square feet were sometimes too ungainly to harmonise with the elegance of the bowl above. They were associated with ovoid, hemispherical and bucket-shaped bowls, the ovoid in varied outline being most frequent.

The square foot, which was shaped in a mould and afterwards trimmed where molten metal had escaped over the edge, naturally



(Left) CYLINDRICAL BOWL ENGRAVED WITH COACH AND FOUR AND CASTLE WITH UNION JACK FLYING. Strengthened bowl junction; square base with hollow dome star-moulded beneath. (Middle) QUEEN CAROLINE RUMMER WITH BUCKET BOWL ENGRAVED WITH THE ROYAL CROWN FLANKED BY THE INITIALS Q. C. AND INSCRIBED "GOD AND MY RIGHTS." Strengthened bowl junction; angular knopped stem; plain foot. 1820. (Right) RUMMER WITH BUCKET-SHAPED BOWL ENGRAVED FOR GEORGE IV'S CORONATION IN 1821 AND SHOWING THE KING'S CHAMPION ON HORSEBACK. Strengthened bowl junction, bladed knopped stem and plain foot. Victoria and Albert Museum



RUMMER WITH BUCKET-SHAPED BOWL ENGRAVED WITH A BOXING SCENE

Strengthened bowl junction and stem with bladed knop on a plain foot

added to the cost of manufacture. Consequently square-based rummers were seldom so roughly finished as the majority of the round-footed variety. Occasionally, however, square-footed glass rummers are found with the excess glass still adhering to the base.

Circular tool-formed feet appeared on rummers from about 1800 and continued until after the square foot had passed out of use in 1820. Star cutting beneath a round foot is characteristic of the late period.

Taverns, which ranked higher than ale- and beer-houses, used rummers made from good quality metal, often ill-proportioned, generally pressed and consequently rather heavier than the domestic types. Bowls were sometimes ornamented with moulded flutes until 1790; when plain they were seldom engraved and then only with the owner's name or initials. Rummers for domestic use were of excellent metal, bowls perfect in form, sometimes enhanced with fluted cutting. Frequently they were engraved, for rummers played an interesting part in the social life of the day. Affairs of national, local and private importance were recorded on the rummer's bowl. Some were engraved with portraits of naval or military heroes, others with scenes commemorating some royal, historical, political, or social event. Then there were rummers engraved with masonic emblems, together with their owners' crests or initials. Sports were not forgotten: fox-hunting, hare-coursing, cock-fighting and racing were depicted. Sometimes the name of the subject of a toast was inscribed with a diamond. Unfortunately but few of the more richly decorated rummers remain. Rummers were given as christening cups in poor families, the diamond-engraved name of the child and date of birth being the only decoration.

The plain rummer, without a strengthened stem junction, is a typical tavern rummer made in the Dudley-Stourbridge district in the decade preceding 1800. This specimen with a number of similar rummers is known to have been in use at the Cross Keys Tavern, Wednesfield Heath, Wolverhampton, early in 1800. Edward Giles, an ironmaster who owned the Cross Keys and its adjoining pawnshop during early Victorian days, found the survivors, engraved his name on the bowls with a diamond ring, carried them to his new house opposite and placed them in a cupboard where they remained until 1940. The Cross Keys, in common with contemporary taverns, had sets of rummers bearing diamond-engraved signatures of regular customers an inch below the rim with the name of the tavern inscribed in large capitals below.

Rummers vary in capacity from nips and gills to one-and-a-half pints. The smaller sizes were known as "dobbins." Larger types were made purely for show purposes and occasional use as punch bowls, since they were too unwieldy for normal drinking.



RUMMER WITH A BARREL-SHAPED BOWL WITH CUT FLUTES AT THE BASE. Non-strengthened bowl junction with cut knopped stem and plain foot



DESIGNS FOR DEEPLY-CUT RUMMERS WITH SQUARE BASES SUPPORTING CUT STEMS. Illustration in pattern-book of the Edinburgh Glass House Co., Leith, before 1820



1.—KIT'S QUARRY HOUSE

Built 1698 at the quarries (seen on the right) on the outskirts of the town by Wren's mason, Christopher Kempster

OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED—XIV

BURFORD, OXFORDSHIRE—II

STRIFE AND SCULPTURE AROUND THE STEEPLE

Burford in the seventeenth century. Its "civil war" with Sir Lawrence Tanfield, resulting in the loss of its liberties, has for background the magnificent church and the Priory, early works of Burford masons of whom Wren's trusted colleagues, the Strongs and C. Kempster, were the last and greatest representatives.

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY



2.—BURFORD CHURCH. SOUTH PORCH (c. 1450), BASE OF TOWER, AND PART OF GILD CHAPEL

BURFORD was at its height as a town in the latter half of the fifteenth century, represented by the noble church of St. John the Baptist (Fig. 4) which throughout it was being enlarged from its Norman origin to its present form, at once intricate and splendid. From about 1380 the prosperous burgesses were continually giving or bequeathing sums for its re-edification, sometimes for specific purposes like a certain John Cakebread who in 1385 left property towards the raising of the steeple, John Leggere for the window of the south transept, and John Pynnock Mercator, 1488, for the building of the south chantry chapel. But the burgesses were also closely allied to the church in their corporate capacity, the Corporation, created in 1088, being by its nature as much a Gild for religious purposes as a body for ordering the market and commerce of the town. This Gild of Burford merchants had their own chapel dedicated to Our Lady just S.W. of the nave and originally detached from it as built in the thirteenth century. It was the enlargement of this chapel eastward (Fig. 9), and its linking to the south transept by the building of the exquisite south porch (Fig. 2) in the middle of the fifteenth century, that gives the church its curious plan and dramatic skyline. The work was going on at the same time as the building of the Almshouses (Fig. 5) founded by Warwick the Kingmaker as lord of the manor of Burford in 1456.

The interior of the church, though most of the mediaeval glass and painting in which it abounded is destroyed, is still singularly rich, with its numerous aisles, chapels, and monuments, most magnificent of the latter the painted alabaster tomb of Sir Lawrence and Lady Tanfield (Fig. 6). No less colourful is the earlier oak-constructed chantry, now dedicated to St. Peter (Fig. 7) but probably built in connection with the vanished rood screen, which occupies a bay of the north arcade of the nave. Its late Perpendicular wooden canopy and the stone recess beyond containing the altar have had their gorgeous colouring restored.

In 1500, with its cloth mills and tanneries and markets, its corporate life and charitable foundations administered by the Corporation in its capacity of

a Gild, and no resident lord to interfere, Burford must have been an ideal mediæval community. The first blow to its serenity was delivered by the Act of Edward VI dissolving Gilds and Chantries. Though, as R. H. Gretton writes, "the Fellowship of the Aldermen, Steward, and Burgesses had indeed passed in practice far enough beyond the limitations of its Gild origin to escape absolute extinction, yet there was hardly a piece of its property that was not held, so to speak, on Gild terms (*i.e.* on condition of observing an anniversary, or paying a priest for saying memorial masses), with the result that the Burgesses found themselves stripped of all that property the administration of which was their strongest impulse towards cohesion."

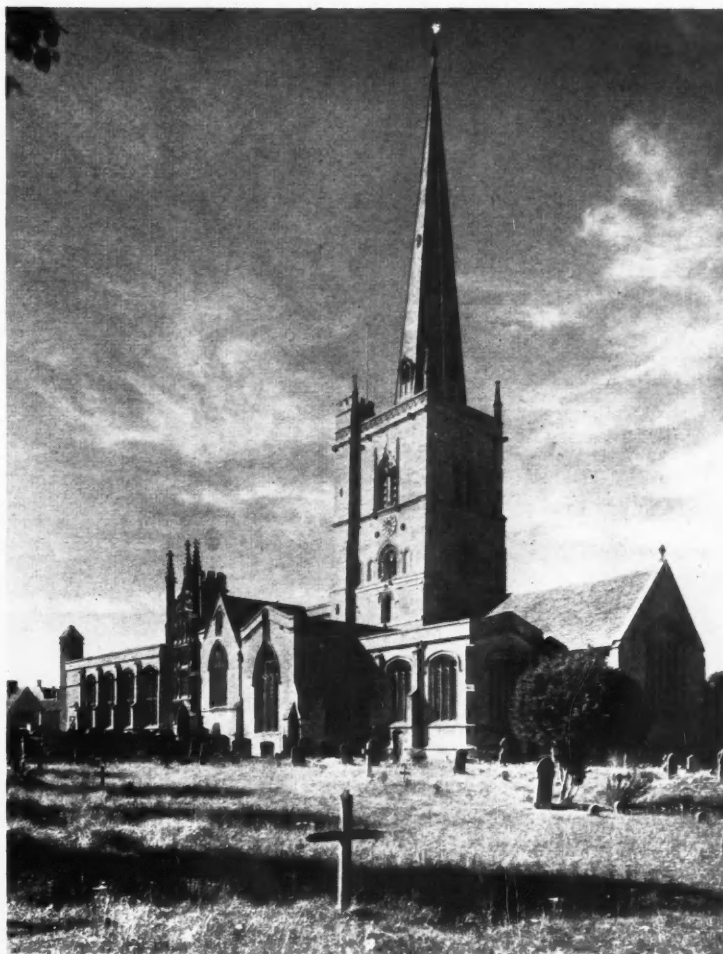
The earlier Dissolution of religious houses too, although the disappearance of the little Hospital of St. John was no great matter, was to have grave results. The Hospital was given for



3.—BURFORD PRIORY, WITH SPEAKER LENTHALL'S CHAPEL BEYOND

his life to one of Henry VIII's Barber-Surgeons, Edmund Harman, who had married a Burford wife (Agnes Sylvester). He appears not to have lived at the Hospital, the adjacent quarry-village of Taynton being given as his address, though he may have begun the transformation of the mediæval Hospital building into the Elizabethan "Priory." He is remembered by the curious monument in the church (Fig. 10), dated 1569, the earliest of its post-Reformation ornaments and interesting as an early essay in Renaissance decoration. The marked Antwerp character of the cartouche, its figures delineated with no little skill, contrasts with the cramped treatment of the nine sons and seven daughters below and might be due to a foreign sculptor whom the King's barber met at, say, Nonesuch.

But the next owner of the Priory, as it now came to be called, Sir Lawrence Tanfield, M.P. for Woodstock and afterwards Chief Baron of the Exchequer, made the Priory his principal residence, completed its rebuilding as a great Elizabethan house, and took extremely ill the ancient anomaly by which he enjoyed no rights in the town such as a lord of such a manor might expect. By this time, 1598, the Corporation, anxious to repair the blow suffered forty years before, had succeeded in buying back most of the Gild properties—chiefly houses in the town—from the private persons to whom they had since passed, and proposed to lease them to prominent



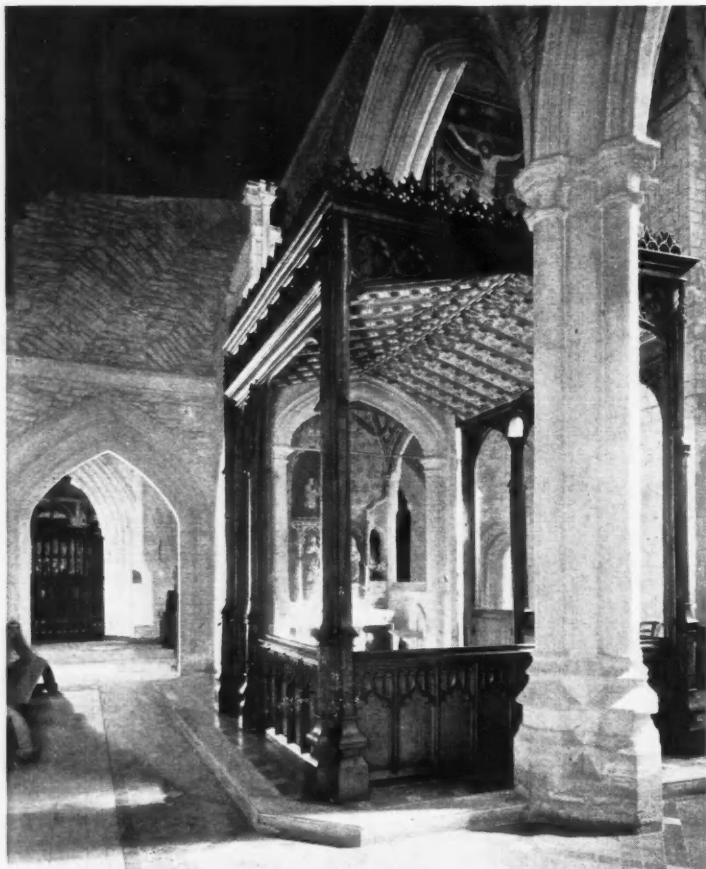
4.—THE CHURCH FROM THE SOUTH-EAST
Enlarged by the burgesses 1380-1500 from a Norman nucleus



5.—THE GREAT ALMSHOUSES (1450) AND TOMBS CARVED BY BURFORD MASONS



6.—THE TANFIELD MONUMENT. By Gerard Christmas, c. 1625



7.—ST. PETER'S CHAPEL IN BURFORD CHURCH
A 15th-century chantry chapel wrought in oak, brightly painted within

burgesses for reconditioning on behalf of the town. Unfortunately, in that year the Crown decided to sell the lordship of the manor to the then Chancellor of the Exchequer from whose executors Tanfield succeeded in buying it in 1617. He immediately, through the Attorney General, instituted a Writ of Quo Warranto against the Burgesses of Burford, charging them with usurping liberties, privileges, and franchises legally the prerogative of the lord of the manor. The unhappy burgesses saw the whole foundation of their laboriously reconstructed edifice utterly swept away, for, having never troubled to examine or to obtain a charter amplifying their first rudimentary grants dating from Norman times, which established them as a Gild of Merchants, they were proved to possess no legal rights at all as a Corporation in the modern sense. The disaster was complete. The Borough of Burford ceased to be, though the Corporation lingered on to supervise a few unalienated charities (and increasingly for the members' mutual entertainment) till 1826, when it consisted of one old man, the Vicar, who then died intestate of the trust properties.

Tanfield and his Lady—a Lee of Ditchley—were no more complaisant to their family than to their neighbours. Their daughter, Lady Falkland, was forbidden their house, though it passed to her famous son Lucius on their deaths. He is represented kneeling at their feet on the gorgeously painted tomb to the grandparents (by Gerard Christmas) that fills the north chancel chapel (Fig. 6). They lie in full robed effigy with inscriptions composed by Lady Tanfield, the intrinsic charm of which may compensate for their subject's extreme unpleasantness in life:

Not this small heape of stones and straightened Roome,
The Bench, the Court, Tribunal, are his Tombe.

it begins, and ends :

Love made me Poet
And this I writ;
My harte did doe yt
And not my witt.

Contrasting with the sumptuous "heap of stones" to Burford's first resident lord are the two words (and those now untraceable) requested to be cut on a plain slab by the next owner of the Priory, Speaker Lenthall: *vermis sum*, I am a worm. William Lenthall, who had bought Burford Priory from Lord Falkland in 1637, is notorious for his tenacity to the Speaker's Chair throughout the Long Parliament. During his tenure of it, and of the Priory, the tides of the Civil War eddied about the crossings of the upper Thames and its tributaries. Burford church was occupied by the troops of both sides as billets, stables, or prison, and after hostilities was used to incarcerate the 340 mutinous Levellers whom Fairfax rounded up in the streets of the town after a brisk action. "Anthony Sedley Prisner 1649" is cut by one of them on the leadwork of the font. The text of the recantation composed by the prisoners in the church is printed in W. J. Monk's *Burford*, but none the less, as the register for 1649 records, there were "three soldiers shot to death in Burford Churchyard, May 17th."

Speaker Lenthall is remembered at Burford by his addition to the Priory of the charming little chapel, perhaps to expiate at the Restoration his tacit assent to Charles I's execution. In an article on the Priory (COUNTRY LIFE, June 10, 1939) Mr. Arthur Oswald noted the affinity of its mixture of Gothic and classic to the then newly built chapel of Brasenose College, designed by John Jackson; suggesting that the Burford chapel was built by a mason who had worked under Jackson at Brasenose—most of the stone for which had come from Burford quarries. The chief quarries, it is now recognised, were schools of most of the master masons of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and those round Burford had begun to export stone (down the Windrush and so down the Thames) by 1430. Much of Eton Chapel is built of Taynton stone, and Burford stone was used for several Oxford buildings. But it is not till the end of the period that Burford masons, Christopher Kempster and the Strong family, of Taynton, made their marks on history.

Yet the existence of an earlier school of masons centred on Burford is a virtual certainty. The long rebuilding of the church, in conjunction with work on others in the neighbourhood, with stone cut and dressed locally, would alone make it likely. And after the Reformation there appears a type of monumental sculpture peculiar to the Burford region. The Harman monument (1569) has already been alluded to. Evidently deriving from it is the peculiar type of monument affected from about 1575 by the Sylvester family, noted burgesses in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (one of them was Bailiff the year of the fatal lawsuit), and erected by them in the Gild or Lady Chapel which, after the Suppression, they adopted as their private aisle (Fig. 9). Other examples are found in neighbouring churches, e.g. Taynton. The pattern makes marked use of strapwork, and in one case the altar unit is extended upwards with a series of



8.—JOHN HARRIS,
ALDERMAN OF BURFORD.
DIED 1674

(Left) 9.—THE GILD CHAPEL,
BURFORD CHURCH
Silvester tombs, 1575-1650

(Right) 10.—MONUMENT OF
EDMUND HARMAN, 1569
He was Henry VIII's barber,
and first owner of the Priory



cornices and columnettes enclosing slabs to later members of the family 1586-1654. This system, and type of sculpture, is found elaborated in the earlier Fettiplace monument at Swinbrook, 1613 (COUNTRY LIFE, July 27, 1945), and developed into the vigorously crude Baroque sculptures in Lenthall's chapel (Fig. 3) and the chimneypiece in the Great Chamber at the Priory about 1660. The carved and painted stone memorial to John Harris (Fig. 8), member of a long-established Burford family who became Mayor of Oxford and in 1674 bequeathed a legacy to his birthplace, was erected by the Corporation, no doubt employing a local mason for the setting but possibly an Oxford sculptor, perhaps William Byrd, for the effigy. The exquisite

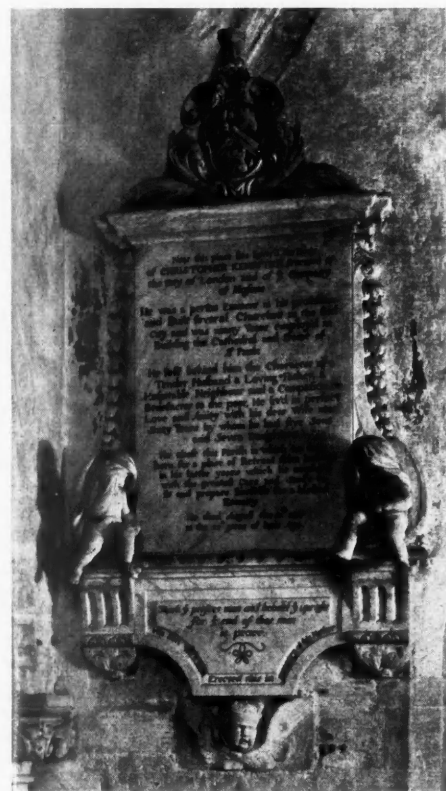
tablet (Fig. 12) in the aisle adopted by the Bartholomews (the first of the family to serve as Bailiff was William 1620), to Sarah, died 1689 aged 18 ("such Pieces of Perfection Heaven shews but to be seene, and gone"), has been attributed to Grinling Gibbons, but may be by Christopher Kempster owing to points in common with the latter's font for St. Mary Abchurch. Abundant lesser products of the Burford workshops fill the churchyard (Fig. 5) and those of adjacent parishes in the shape of the fatly ornamented altar tombs and headstones that are a delight in the Cotswolds.

The representatives—perhaps the descendants—of the nameless masons who thus enriched Burford, working the quarries round the town, are Thomas and Edward Strong and Christopher Kempster, three of Wren's most trusted contractors. The Stronges were a Wiltshire family of whom Timothy settled about 1600 at Great Barrington, a few miles west of Burford, and worked the Taynton quarries; built the south front of Cornbury, 1630; died 1635. His son Timothy worked Taynton and built at Slaughter, Fairford, and Sherburn, died 1662; all his six sons were masons. Thomas built the Lodgings at Trinity, Oxford, under Wren, the 1665 front at Cornbury under Hugh May, and a front at Hampstead Marshall under Wynne, besides several City churches, died 1681. Edward Strong, who eventually settled at St. Albans, was perhaps the mason most employed by Wren. He built much of St. Paul's, for which the family supplied the Burford stone, seven City churches, worked with Kempster on Winchester Palace, and at Greenwich; his son Edward accompanied Wren's son on a tour abroad, and was responsible for the completion of the lantern of St. Paul's, of which his old father laid the last stone in 1708. The father is said to have built Morden Hospital, and the son Canons under James Gibbs.

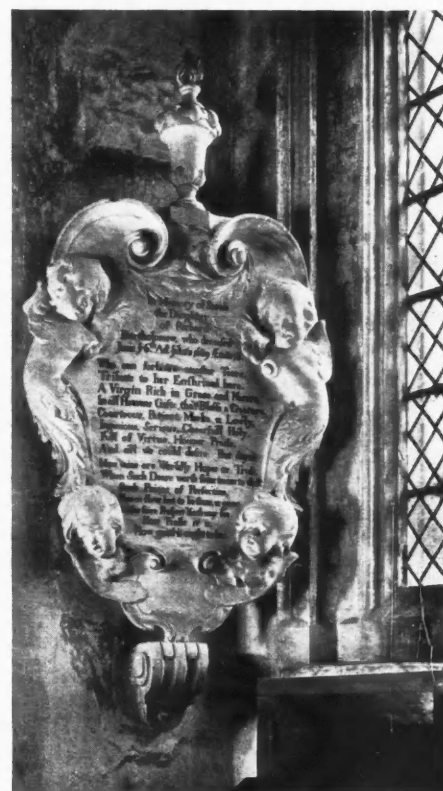
Christopher Kempster was born at Burford in 1626, coming of a family of masons, and worked the quarries just east of the town known subsequently as Kit's Quarries. In 1668 he began sending stone to London and in January, 1669, went himself, where, three years later, he was employed on building St. Stephen Walbrook, significantly as assistant to the Stronges, and on several others subsequently. In 1677-78 he built the beautiful Market House at Abingdon, probably from Wren's design, and in 1681 Wren recom-

mended him to build Tom Tower, Oxford: "a very able man, modest, honest, treatable, and one that masons will submit to worke with because of his interest in Quarries at Burford and therefore you will have stone from him at first hand." From 1692 he was employed on St. Paul's. His son William, who in 1715 erected and perhaps executed his Monument (Fig. 11) notable for the delightfully conceived mourning cupids—was also at St. Paul's in charge of very confidential work, the recasing of the piers of the crypt. Kits Quarry House which Kempster built in 1698 partakes of his modesty, being unexpectedly traditional for one who had shared in the greatest building adventure of the age.

(To be concluded)



11.—TABLET TO CHRISTOPHER
KEMPSTER, 1715



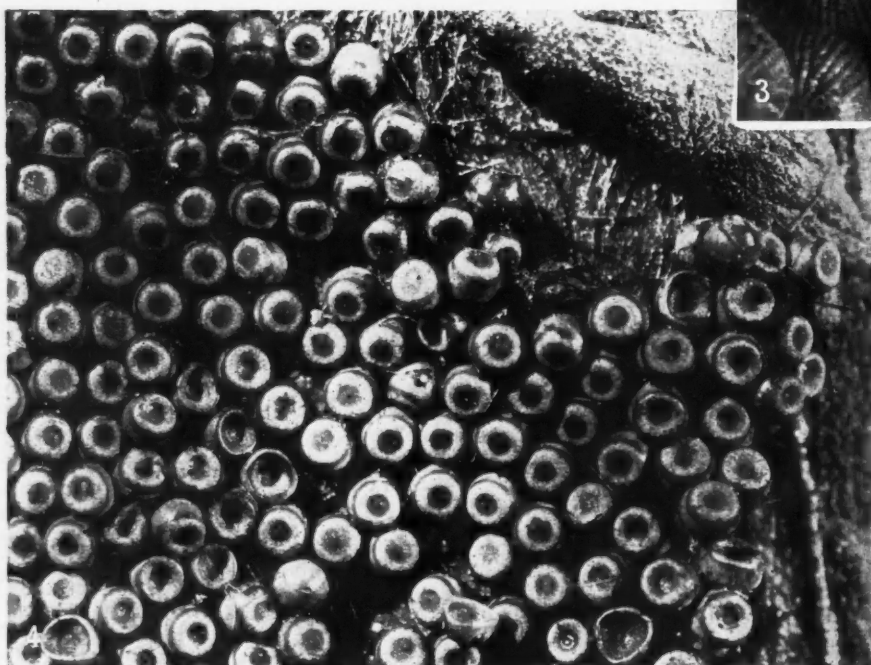
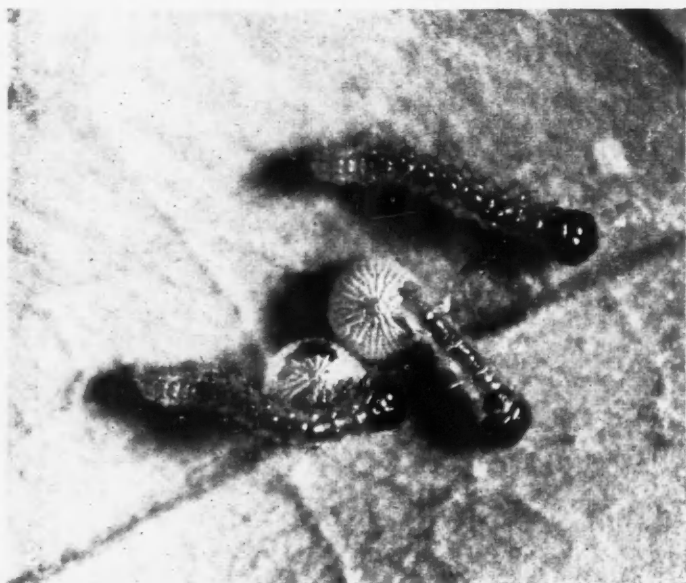
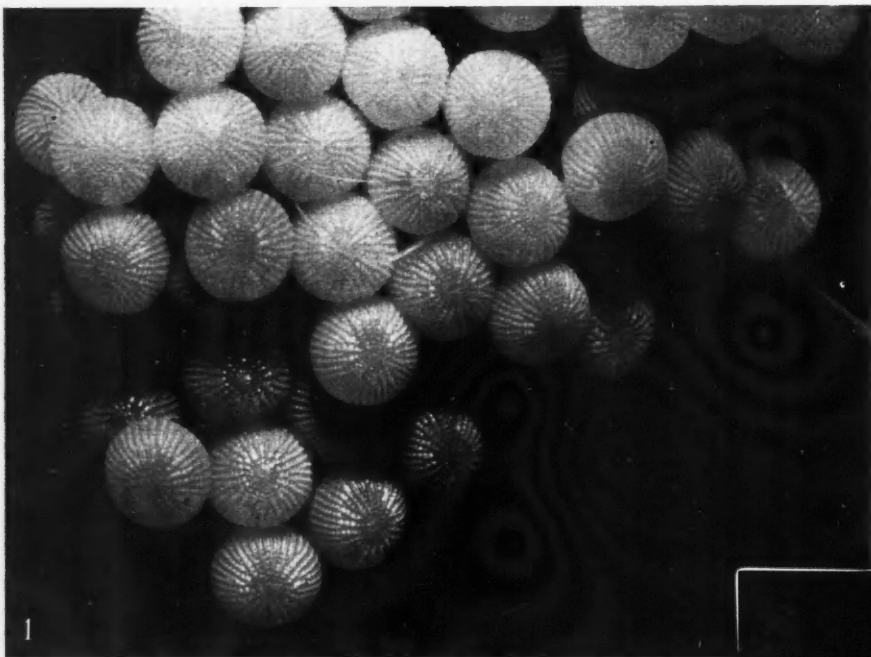
12.—SARAH BARTHOLOMEW, 1689,
BY C. KEMPSTER (?)

MOTHS' AND BUTTERFLIES' EGGS

Photomicrographs

by

ERNEST A. BOTTING

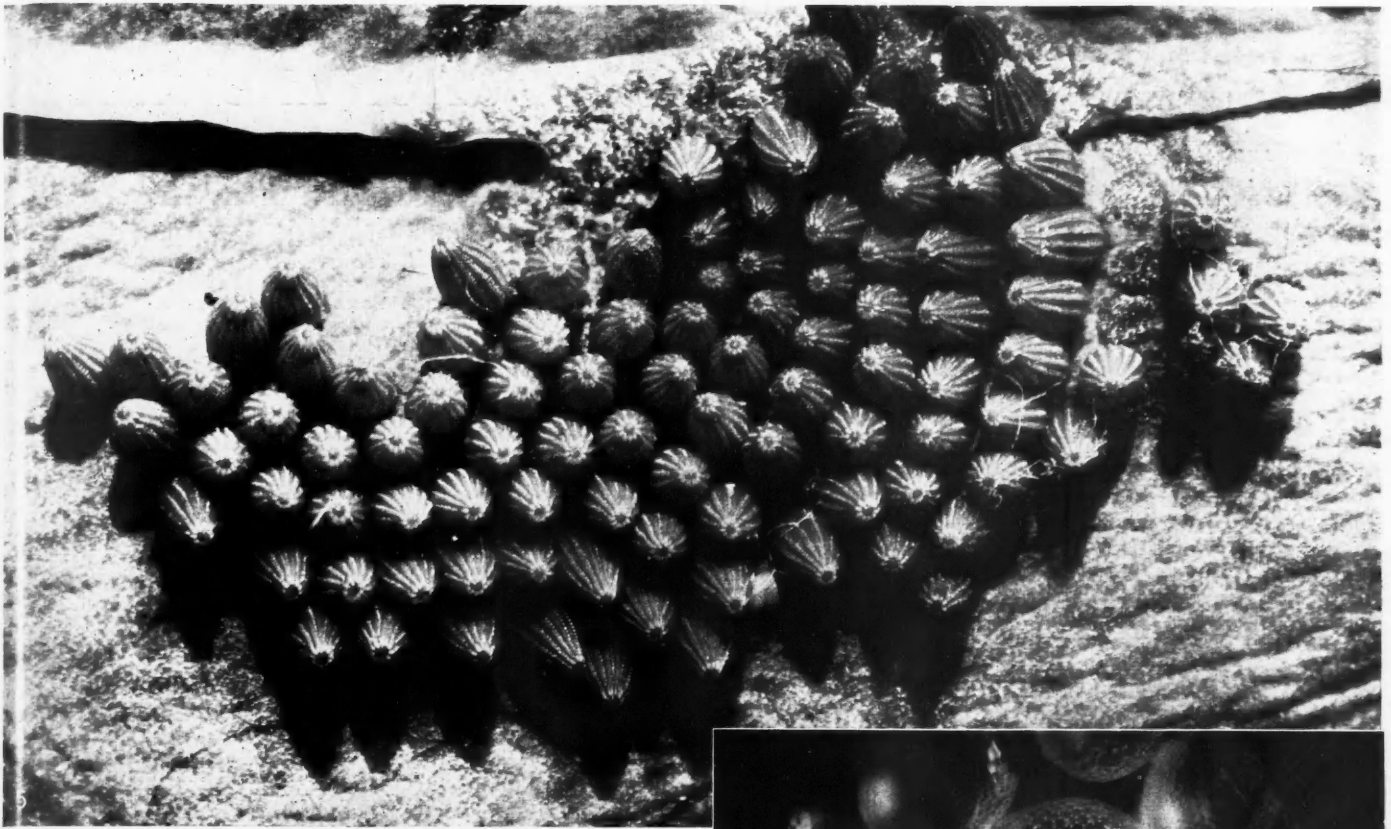


1.—EGGS OF THE YELLOW UNDERWING MOTH SEEN THROUGH A MICROSCOPE. ALL LAID IN AN HOUR OR SO

2.—STAGES IN THE BIRTH OF A CATERPILLAR

3.—GREATLY MAGNIFIED EGGS OF THE YELLOW UNDERWING MOTH AFTER LARVÆ HAVE EMERGED. COMPARISON IS MADE WITH THE HEAD OF A SMALL PIN

4.—EGGS OF THE VAPOURER MOTH ON AN APPLE LEAF



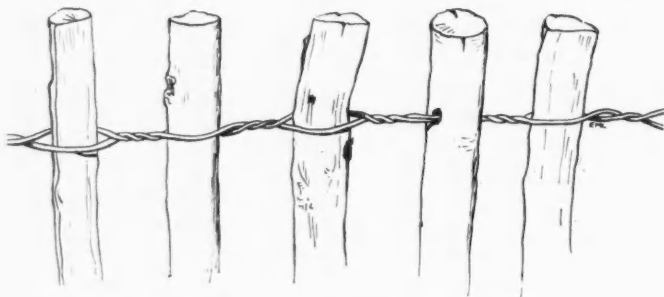
5.—A CLUSTER OF EGGS OF THE LARGE CABBAGE WHITE BUTTERFLY ON A CABBAGE LEAF

6.—BRINDLED BEAUTY MOTH'S EGGS

7.—EGGS OF THE MAGPIE OR CURRANT MOTH

8.—EGGS OF THE SWALLOW-TAIL MOTH : AFTER HATCHING ON A HOLLYHOCK LEAF





SUSSEX SPILE FENCING

THE produce obtained from chestnut coppice naturally varies according to its age. From 9 to 14 years the percentage of poles suitable for hop poles, for instance, will be less than that obtained from poles of a greater age. A good area of the latter type may give 1,200 or more wirework poles out of, say, 3,500 poles marketable.

On a cleaving area, production will vary according to the density of the crop, its length and quality. To obtain 30,000 pales per acre from nine-year-old material is not at all unusual, and on older crops the number obtained may run to 50,000 pales and more.

The diversity of produce from coppice is not generally realised. The following is a list of the ways in which the material from cleaving coppice can be utilised. The figures are taken from a cleaver's work-sheet, and deal with an area 14 years old and one acre in extent.

Cleft pales of from 2 feet 6 inches to 6 feet in length	29,200
Tree and fruit stakes, 4 feet 6 inches to 8 feet long	810
Tomato sticks (war substitute for bamboo), about 4 feet 6 inches long	4,320
Spiles (pointed for driving), 5 feet	800
Thatchers' pins, 5 feet	2,400
12-foot rails	36

Compare with this an area of pure High Weald chestnut (growing in the same district) cut in 1874:

Hop poles	4,000
Fence bars	885
Faggots (brush)	964
Faggots (house)	115

These hop poles were chiefly of the smaller type, 10, 11 and 13 feet in length. They were planted in groups of two or three, and the hops were trained on them direct. Hop gardens using this type of pole would require anything up to 3,000 poles per acre. For modern wirework the poles are fewer but heavier, and are used at the rate of 130 to 250 per acre. There is, however, still a considerable acreage of hop garden in Kent where hops are trained on poles, the method being the same as that used when Scot wrote his *Parfit Platforme of a Hoppe Garden* in 1573.

The way in which the value of this crop is arrived at is often perplexing to the layman, and quite possibly to some landowners who grow only to sell. One year an area will reach £40 per acre. Fifteen years later for a crop apparently identical in quality and size only £20 is obtained. For some years the prices remain steady, and then they may rise or fall (in peacetime often the latter) and stay at a low level for several rotations.

CHESTNUT COPPICE—II

PRODUCTION AND VALUES

By A. D. C. LE SUEUR

As in the case of every other commodity, prices are based on supply and demand, but, unlike timber, the demand is not a regular one, especially as regards hop poles.

Also the grower has to consider his crop. Timber trees are usually no worse for standing on for some years if trade is not good. Coppice is fast growing and will not take long to grow out of cleaving size into wirework pole size, and again on into something too big for wirework poles, except the larger outside pole. The demand for these, however, is small compared with that for the ordinary wirework pole and, although from 5s. to 10s. apiece may be paid for them, the man who attempts to raise only the larger types will not take long to go out of business, since in peacetime the alternative uses for big chestnut poles are very limited.

A wirework pole is generally about 16 feet in length, with a tip diameter of 2½ to 3 inches. "Outsides" used for straining are larger, and run to a tip of 4 to 6 inches diameter. "Corners" are the largest of all and are usually 18 feet long, with a tip diameter up to 9 inches.

The fencing-maker prefers a smaller pole than the hopgrower and, therefore, the crop can be felled at an earlier age. A big crop of medium-sized poles cleaving out two to four pales per length is to him a much more satisfactory proposition than larger poles from which a greater number of pales can be taken. The ideal pole for cleaving runs from 5 to 6 inches butt diameter and from 20 to 25 feet in length.

The fencing-maker bases his valuation on the number of poles per acre, and the possible number of pales he will get out of them. (A general figure is 10 to 12 pales per pole allowing for wastage.) He pays particular attention to three things: First, straightness; second, the rate of growth as shown by the length between the "joints," especially in the upper portion; and last, but not least, the total clean length available. He prefers fairly small "tight" stools, on which cutting has been consistently low. Large stools are often spreading and the

outer poles on these usually have a curved butt-end several feet in length, which is useless to him. Various reasons are given for these bends, including pressure on the young shoots by a prolonged period of deep snow. The most probable cause is the "high cutting" of stools, which makes the new shoot on the lower part of the stump incline outwards instead of upwards, in order to obtain the light necessary for development. A thinly stocked area will also produce curved butts.

Another very important point is accessibility to hard road. An acre close to the road is often worth £5 more than one farther back, even though the distance may be only 100 yards or so.

The fencing-maker knows the market price for fencing, his costs in the past for cutting, cleaving, and transport, his probable overheads and the profit he hopes to make on his fencing. From this he knows the limits he can go to for the wood. His main base of valuation is the market price of pales, a price more or less controlled by competition.

The hop-grower looks at it in rather a different light. He buys poles and uses them as such. He pays what the poles are worth to him personally, for use with a crop the return from which may be very high, and on which the cost of the poles over a series of good crops is comparatively low. On an average "life" of 20 years, the cost of the poles themselves is to-day somewhere about 30s. per acre.

The value of a pole crop, therefore, is dependent on factors which may vary very much. When the building of small houses is booming and thousands of new gardens need fencing, cleaving poles will increase in price. For example, in 1925-6 they rose to as much as £50 per acre, a price considered in the fencing trade a high one. The wirework-pole trade may fluctuate even more violently, and if prices for hops have been good and are likely to remain so, they may rise to unexpected heights.

During the war, with the price of coppice products uncontrolled, labour short and a strong hop market, prices have been obtained that at times have almost frightened the auctioneer. Prices between £80 and £100 have several times been reached, and in isolated cases they have gone to £135 and even higher. The higher prices should, however, not be taken too seriously, as quite often there are certain local or personal factors which are no concern of the general market.

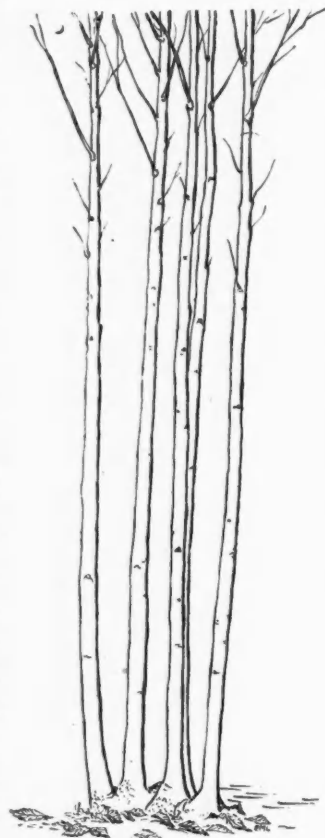
Wirework poles, costing 70s. per 100 before the war, are being sold to-day at anything up to £17 per 100. In 1912 poles of the same type could have been bought for 20s. per 100.

At the present time, also, a fact that has an important bearing on the price paid by hop-growers is Excess Profits Tax. Poles bought for renewals can be charged as an outgoing, so that with the present rate of tax the actual cost of the poles is not a matter of very great importance. And anyone buying spiles for general purposes can charge them in his maintenance claim.

Between the wars prices were generally between £20 and £30 per acre for good-class material, but up to £50 and over was sometimes obtained. Perhaps the highest price paid was £75 for an area in the Tonbridge district. This was a "super" crop, in which the poles stood so thick on the ground that it was difficult to walk through the wood.

It must, however, be stated emphatically that these prices are given as a matter of interest only, and cannot be taken as a basis for valuation. The actual price offered depends on so many factors that each area must be gauged according to its merits. Attempts by owners to value coppice areas entirely on the basis of prices obtained elsewhere too often lead to argument, disappointment and recrimination.

Labour costs have helped to bring prices



(Left) LONG CLEAN STEMS FROM CLOSE-GROWN COPPICE



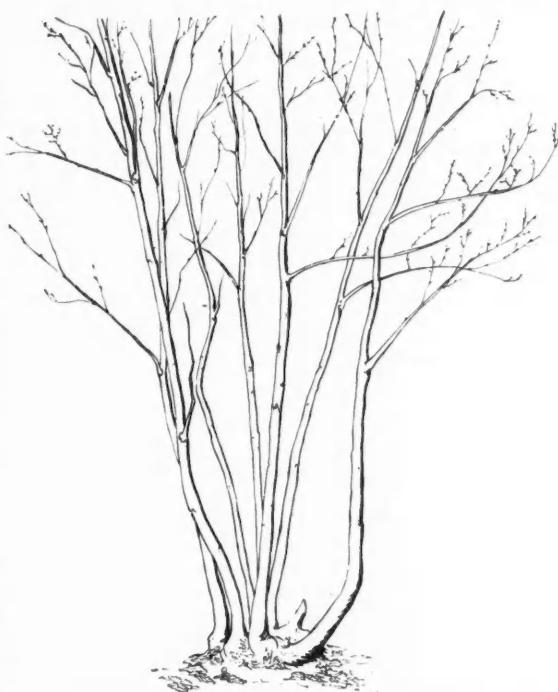
(Below) A CHESTNUT STOOL CORRECTLY CUT

up, especially during the war. For example, cleaving poles which cost 7s. 6d. per 100 to cut in 1939 could not be cut to-day under 20s. And yet 14-foot hop poles have been cut in the Weald for 15d. per 100 within the memory of living men.

The landowner may well say: "This is all very well from the point of view of the purchaser, but where do I come in? How, in fact, does one value from the point of view of the seller?" To a certain extent in the same way; by experience of past sales and prices obtained in the district for coppice growing under similar conditions, and especially the general appearance and age of the actual crop in question. If these are combined with some knowledge of market conditions ruling at the moment, he should not go far wrong. Alternatively, he may put his crop into the sale catalogue of a reliable auctioneer, and then he probably will not go wrong at all.

Chestnut coppice is sold sometimes privately, occasionally by tender, but most usually by auction, and it is by auction that the highest prices are almost invariably obtained. There are estate agents in Kent and Sussex who have been selling chestnut by auction every Autumn for years, and there is little they do not know regarding the vagaries of this crop—and the purchasers thereof.

Kentish coppice contracts at times



SHORT BRANCHY STEMS AND CURVED BUTTS
FOUND ON WIDELY-SPACED STOOLS

make interesting reading, as in many cases their wording does not seem to have been altered for generations. In one case at least it is stipulated that any oxen brought into the wood after April 1 are to be muzzled! The custom of paying the wood-reeve "washing money" for measuring up and marking, or "washing out," the "cants" or areas for sale still survives in some districts, but appears to be gradually dying out.

During the past five years chestnut coppice has supplied many thousands of feet of much-needed pitwood to English collieries. It is, perhaps, the best type of hardwood obtainable for props, when clean and straight grown. Another most important use has been "vehicle trackway." This may be described as a heavy edition of "pale and wire fencing." It is used by the Army for making temporary roadways, and also, when made up into large bundles, for bridging tank traps, ditches, and similar obstacles. Kentish men and men of Kent will be glad to know that chestnut from Bomb Alley formed the greater part of the "trackway" used by Army vehicles on the beaches of Normandy in that memorable month of June last year.

The drawings accompanying this and the previous article on Chestnut Coppice (published last week) are by Miss E. M. Lawrence.

FULFILMENT OF DREAMS: An Angling Story

By MORAY McLAREN

MOST people who have been deeply involved in the events of the last six years began to acclimatise themselves to the conditions of the whirlpool into which they were drawn by a dream or dreams of what they would do "when it was all over." Many of these waking, or half-waking dreams were about simple things. My London friends have given me as examples, the ability to order two boiled fresh eggs for breakfast, or the certain knowledge that there would be a taxi to be picked up anywhere or at any time.

My dreams were three in number, but they all concerned themselves with trout, sea or brown, in Scotland. Since the age of twelve (1912) until 1938 I allowed no Summer to pass without feeling the tug of a fish at the end of a fine line. Even if I managed to scrape only a few days' holiday in Scotland, from the South or from abroad, on a Border burn, the essential feeling was somehow achieved. In 1938 I was sent abroad, and it was only after the Munich crisis was well over that I was sent to England, work, and no fishing. In 1939, just when I had promised myself a fortnight's Autumn sea-trout fishing in South Uist, I was caught up in the whirlpool. Where I was sent, moved and removed again has nothing to do with this article. Let it suffice to say that it made Scottish lochs, rivers, and burns so remote as to make one doubt that such things still existed. I achieved the realisation of my first dream by a stroke of luck just half a year before the war ended. The first dream was not ambitious. It was simply this—to be holding the lightest fly trout rod in my hand, to be using the finest tackle procurable, and to feel the plunge, rush, and leap of a sea trout, between half a pound and one pound, at the other end. My other dreams are more ambitious. But more of them later on.

In the Autumn of 1944 I was unexpectedly sent to Scotland to interview some prisoners-of-war. I begged that I should be allowed five days' leave after my job was done. It was granted. I spent the evening three days before going North examining my fishing tackle (the

accumulation of twenty-six years' fishing) and selected the lightest rod I could find. Next day it, and all my collection, disappeared into the dust of an Autumn London evening through the agency of a flying bomb. I tried to buy one—hopeless. On the very day of setting forth I managed to borrow a light rod and a reel, and bought four casts and some flies.

When the (to me) infinitely dreary and depressing job of prisoner-interviewing was over I scrambled across country and got to Oban to catch, by a hair's breadth, the little steamer that goes to the Outer Isles. None of your inland lochs or burns for me (that was a part of my dream). Only one smallish island, right out in the Atlantic, was the correct setting. We approached this incomparable place, while watching the mainland widen out behind us, mountain after mountain stepping up behind another. Unfortunately, we were late. So I had only the morrow's one-day fishing to rely on. A quick walk to the old familiar, but now dream-like, lodgings. Bacon and real eggs, strong tea, and then bed and early rising to give me time to get to the lochs and burns so infinitely remote from the war, so hidden between the wide Minch and the Atlantic.

It took me an hour to climb to the loch which had, for six years, haunted my imagination. It was hardly more than a tarn—about three-quarters the size of Trafalgar Square. For those who do not know these island lochs, on a fine day, it is impossible to describe the beauty they present. Enough to say that, cupped between little hills that were purple, blue, yellow and gold, it lay there soaked in peat that gave it the appearance of amber. Unfortunately, the very beauty of the day was my enemy. A slight north wind was blowing which kept the sky an exquisite blue and the trout at the bottom of the loch. Two hours' struggling with the wind at my back, in my face, and on my flank, made me realise that for to-day it was hopeless. I was casting a beautiful line, but not a sign of life. Was my dream to be frustrated?

Then I noticed a small burn that trickled out of the western side of the lochan. I calculated that it would cover a mile to the sea. So I followed it to its end, noting, with satisfaction,

that it made itself into deep pools in half a dozen places on its course. Eventually it found its way into the Atlantic in a long, rock-guarded pool that was brackish even at low tide. With infinite caution I circled this pool and approached it from the bottom end. The hills somehow managed to steer the wind to my back, and three times I cast out a line that lengthened with each throw. I was quite startled at my ability to cover the whole length of the pool with one cast. I was reflecting on this when He took me, just under the waterfall.

I struck. The rod bent. He plunged; the reel sang. Then he showed himself in a leap. Yes it was He, the little sea trout of my dream, just under a pound in weight. He hadn't a chance. He was firmly hooked (somehow I knew he was). He ran me up and down the pool, but there was no chance of escape save to the Atlantic, and I was guarding that exit. Deliberately I played him (poor little beast) until he was all but dead. I wasn't going to lose a second of my dream come true. Then I drew him on to the shingle, played out. He was fifteen ounces in weight.

With the utmost deliberation I decided to risk no anti-climax. I packed up my rod, walked round the island (some four hours), and came back to the immemorial lodgings, more bacon, more eggs and more tea. I slept deep and late, then caught the little steamer back to the mainland, from the mainland to the South, from the South to somewhere else, and there presented my report on what the prisoners-of-war had to say. It was not urgent. Indeed, it was redundant and was filed.

"Had a good leave?" someone asked.
"Yes, I had a dream and it came true."
"Really! You don't say so."

My other two dreams, which I am determined to realise, are these. There is an even smaller lochan deep in the higher hills of northern Argyll. One evening a year or two before the war, a local drunkard informed me that there were a "hundred" enormous brown trout in it, and nothing else. Somehow his whisky-inflamed eloquence impressed me. The next day, armed with a sea trout rod and large

flies, I made the dreary ascent of over three hours to this lochan.

I have seldom seen anything so unpromising. The dead, dark, and windless surface of the lochan was contained between two equally dark precipices of stone. It was a place of death, not of life. Whenever and however I cast, my large flies fell with discouraging plops into the water. I tried dragging the fly along like a minnow. Then, after an hour, the first thing happened! I saw, lazily rising to my lure, the back and then the side of a trout of at least five or six pounds weight. I can see the spots on his dark brown side as I write now. With a contemptuous flourish of his enormous tail, he disappeared into the black depths. But the story was true: the drunkard had not lied.

Feverishly I cast and trailed for another hour. Then, suddenly, the second thing happened. I was "taken" deep, but quite near the shore. This time it was I who had no chance.

He just took out all my line to the end of the reel in one bulldozing rush and broke me. Soon it was dark. I found my way home and left next day for the South.

Next year I am going to take a tent, and provisions for a week (so my dream tells me). I shall camp beside the lochan and flog it seven days out of the seven. I shall catch one of "the hundred."

The third dream to be fulfilled is something that I have never experienced. For some years before the war I used to squeeze in a few days, in the same small island in the outer Hebrides every Autumn. Always I was told the same thing: either "It hasn't happened yet," or "You've just missed it." "It" is the Autumnal rush of the big sea trout, not up the rivers, not into the big lochs, but up the small but swollen burns. It may happen any time between the middle of September and the middle of October. It comes, appropriately, with the rush of the west wind and a deluge of rain. I have had it

so often described to me by honest, truthful people that I believe it to be true. It lasts only a week. They come, great brutes of seven, eight, nine or even ten pounds weight, pushing and jostling their way up, snapping at, and eating anything. When you hook one you have to fight him in a swollen tumbling rushing pool which has taken the place of a tiny trickle. It is, so they tell me, a delicious experience, unlike anything else in British angling. Well, somehow, I am going to get to my island in the middle of September, on duty or on holiday. I am going to wait till "It" happens.

And what then—all three dreams fulfilled? Well I suppose I ought to sit back in comfort in some Southern resort and dream again, this time not of what is going to happen but on what has happened. I suppose I ought to be content with such complete fulfilment, and give up fishing for sea trout and brown trout in Scotland. I hope I won't. Somehow, I don't think I will.

CORRESPONDENCE

RECORD YEAR FOR BUTTERFLIES

From the Dowager Lady Loch.

SIR,—I should be interested to know if readers in all parts of the country have noticed an unusually large number of butterflies and moths this year. In this neighbourhood I have never before seen such numbers of different varieties.

Last night I caught and identified a fine female specimen of the *Convolvulus Hawk* moth hovering round the nicotiana in the garden.—MARGARET LOCH, *Stoke-by-Clare, Suffolk.*

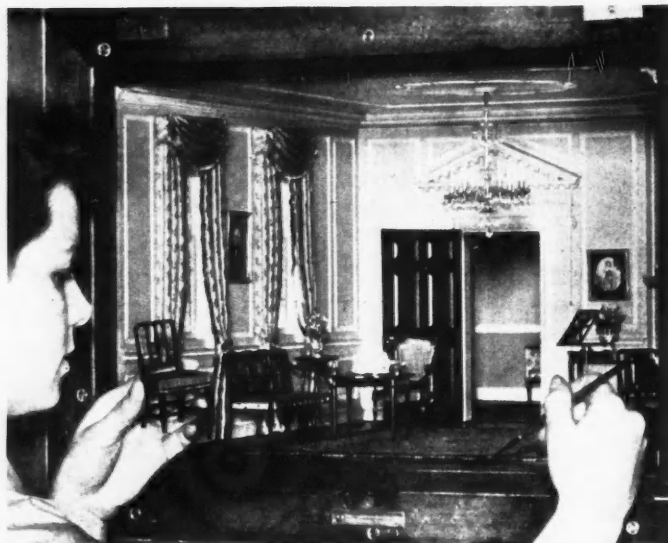
SOME SPECIES SCARCE?

SIR,—Last week, while watching my children catching white butterflies in the cabbages, I noticed an odd-looking butterfly fluttering among the carrots. I recognised it as a Swallowtail and caught it.

I have never seen a live specimen before. Unfortunately it was in rather poor condition and the colour somewhat faded. I think it must be a female, as the upper wing measures $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches across, and when I caught it I imagine it was laying its eggs, as the larva feeds on the leaves of carrot or parsley.

The Large Tortoiseshell, fairly common for the last three years, seems to me to have disappeared this Summer. Previously I had seen two or three each year. The Small Tortoiseshell seems to have become scarce as well. Peacocks and Red Admirals being very much commoner.—J. D. W. TREHERNE, *Olley High House, near Ipswich, Suffolk.*

[It is generally acknowledged to be the greatest year in Southern England within recorded history for the number and variety of butterflies which have crossed the Channel since early Spring right up to the time of writing. The greatest surprise has been the arrival of Bath Whites in numbers. They have been seen all along the coast from Sussex to Cornwall, sometimes in hundreds, whereas in a normal year it would be an occasion to read of a single specimen being found. The Swallowtail has been often seen in Sussex and Dorset, and it is possible that this Continental visitor may establish itself in areas where batches of eggs have been laid. Previously one had to visit the Norfolk Broads or Wicken Fen to see the Swallowtail alive. Among the great varieties, the Long- and the Short-tail Blue have been taken last month and this, and it is a great year for the Pale Clouded Yellow, a butterfly that only occasionally comes in numbers. Many entomologists have captured females and have broods of larvæ breeding. Painted Ladies and Red Admirals



ONE OF THE MINIATURE AMERICAN PERIOD ROOMS AT THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, SHOWING THE COMPARATIVE SCALE OF THE MODELS

See letter: The British Way of Life

have appeared in gardens in unusual numbers this Summer and a few Camberwell Beauties. The reason for this galaxy of migrant butterflies may be the warm spell in April, when in the Mediterranean regions a considerable drought occurred, forcing the butterflies that normally breed there to travel northwards to greener pastures for their progeny. Gales just previous to July 14, the night of the great thunderstorm in Southern England, undoubtedly carried many thousands of butterflies across the Channel that might otherwise have stayed in France.—ED.]

THE SHORTAGE OF BIRDS

SIR,—The shortage of swallows mentioned by recent correspondents extends to the north. In fact, here we are suffering from a shortage of all birds. At this time last year the birds held a mass meeting on the lawn every morning for breakfast; this year the ceremony has rarely drawn more than a couple.

A local farmer puts it down to the great frost which we had in the Spring, which ruined our apple, pear and plum crops and killed young birds. I think he is probably right, but we miss our merry little companions, even though they are, as we know only too well, "awful" thieves.—R. T. LANG, *Applegarth, Hayton, How Mill, Carlisle.*

THE BRITISH WAY OF LIFE

SIR,—Mrs. Villiers-Stuart's article rediscovering the system of display known as Period Rooms calls, I think, for a brief statement to correct any misunderstanding it may create regarding the position in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

All museum directors are well aware of the possibilities of the system to which she has called attention; these have, in my view, been realised more fully in other countries than in Sweden. What I find difficult in the article, and found equally difficult when the authoress came to see me, is in what way she considers the method of exhibiting Period Rooms in Sweden differs from that employed in this Museum.

We had on view here before the war, to mention only a few of the more prominent examples—the Sizergh Castle Room, the Haynes Grange Room, the Bromley-by-Bow Room, the Room from Great George Street, the Norfolk House Room, the Drawing-room from the Adelphi and the Dining-room from Drakelow painted by Paul Sandby.

The impression created by the article is that there are no Period Rooms here, which is far from true.—LEIGH ASHTON, *Director and Secretary, Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, S.W.7.*

[Mrs. Villiers-Stuart replies: As

Mr. Ashton points out, the Victoria and Albert Museum has a number of interesting rooms in various parts of its vast building, including the charming Georgian alcoves arranged round the Octagonal Court. But the method of exhibition lacks the realistic sequence of the Swedish examples. Even the simplest arrangement of rooms through which the public walks from one to another without being distracted by outside objects has an immediate educational effect, difficult perhaps for an expert to grasp—all museum directors being experts—for to the expert the object seen is at once related to its epoch without the aid of any surroundings.

American museums have many good examples of rooms. A beautiful sequence of American rooms, much more elaborate than anything in Sweden, is shown at the Art Institute of Chicago. But these rooms are in miniature, and, fine though they are, the peep-show element in them gives a slight air of patronage, cutting off the relationship to the onlooker's own life.

The nearest approach here to the Swedish method of telling the country's story is at the Gefryre Museum, formerly the Ironmongers' Almshouses. But even there the principal architectural feature, the chapel, has its east windows cut short and disfigured by a long diagram, when they might be adorned with bouquets of altar flowers.

If a great sequence of English rooms, hung with fine pictures of their period, with ante-rooms at intervals for the display of silver, clothes and jewellery, could be set out in any of our museums, I am sure that the difference between it and the pre-war arrangement of Period Rooms at the Victoria and Albert would be greatly appreciated.—ED.]

FUTURE OF WILD DEER

From the Duke of Bedford.

SIR,—Mr. Frank Wallace's plea in your issue of August 10 that the economic value of wild deer, in places where they can do no serious damage, should be recognised, is wise and timely. It is to be hoped that the Government will bear it in mind in any schemes they may have for the development of the Highlands and that they will likewise bear in mind another factor which impinges on it, but is also distinct—the factor of the Highland climate and the Highland soil.

The number of people who will desire to take their holidays in districts where more often than not it rains incessantly will always be limited and the future of agriculture in districts where late frosts accompany a heavy rainfall; where the soil is barren and needs heavy manuring; and where sheep and cattle disease is common and the hardy breeds are of

necessity slow-maturing, is likely to be precarious, especially when the damage and shortage caused by the war have been made good throughout the world.

It is also high time that the economic value of park deer, the numbers of which have been sadly reduced by war conditions, received proper recognition. The meat shortage due to the war, in conjunction with the cessation of the practice of keeping venison until it is half-putrid, seems to have very definitely removed the prejudice that once existed against an excellent meat.

In the matter of giving a return for a very modest amount of Winter feeding deer can hold their own well with cattle and sheep. There is not the slightest reason why deer should be treated by the authorities as the economically useless appurtenances of rich men's playgrounds, or why the owners of deer parks should be as unenterprising and supine as they have often shown themselves in submitting to decrees which are the outcome of this mistaken view.

As, and when, we are able to escape from the war's evil legacy of enforced utilitarianism and cultural interests and pursuits can again take their proper place in human existence, deer, though not lending themselves to show competition, can afford delightful and varied scope to the breeder-farmer who derives enjoyment by co-operating with Nature in producing new and pleasing varieties in form and colour.

The superiority, from an æsthetic point of view, of a deer with a fine head over a deer with a bad one, is as great as the superiority of a well-bred dog over a mongrel—with this additional advantage, that you can turn the inferior deer into wholesome and nourishing food whereas the canine mongrel is no welcome addition to the larder!—BEDFORD, Cairnmore, Newton Stewart, Wigtownshire.



AT WORK IN A TREE NURSERY

See letter: In Savernake Nursery

IN SAVERNAKE NURSERY

SIR,—This photograph, taken by permission, in the Forestry Commission's nursery in Savernake Forest may appeal to your readers: not all nurseries are so pleasing to the eye.

I understand, however, that the mature trees which add so much to the beauty of the scene are also an embarrassment: their roots underground and the shade thrown by their foliage are both a nuisance, and so is the harbourage which they provide for grey squirrels, here a serious pest.

The two Savernake nurseries naturally have a large proportion of hardwoods (there are 350,000 beech trees lined-out in one corner), for the terms of the Commission's lease provide that the general character of

planted—there was a good patch of the hybrid Jap. x European larch—but chiefly in outlying parts: in one or two places where conifers have been felled during the war the ground has been replanted with oak.

The forester's present staff consists of 18 girls and 8 men and boys. The girl-ganger who now leads the work of the nursery staff came to her present employment from a quite different kind of nursery, for she was previously a children's nurse.—WANDERING WOODMAN, Oxford.

A PEWTER COLLECTION

SIR,—The interest which the two recent contributions on pewter will undoubtedly have aroused among your readers prompts me to send this

photograph showing a number of pieces, notably church plate, taken from my own pewter collection.

The two plates, on either side of the Irish flagon (unmarked, c. 1690) with large scroll handle and spreading base, formed part of a Communion set at St. Marye Northgate, Canterbury. It is well marked; the pewterer was Tim Fly of London (early eighteenth century). The two large chalices and the pocket chalice on the left are also Irish (unmarked, probably mid-seventeenth century).

The pair of salts (c. 1740) originated from the Deanery, Winchester. The centre plate, by George Holmes of London (c. 1750), behind the small rectangular chrismatory, is engraved "Kensington Church" and would of course have been one of a number of alms dishes originally belonging to that church.

The provenance of the chrismatory itself, the cross which formerly surmounted it being unfortunately missing, is Northern France or Channel Isles (unmarked, late seventeenth century). The baptismal bowl is dated 1620 and the footed paten, or tazza, on the right is particularly clearly marked 1702.—L. G. G. RAMSEY (Capt.), 5, Thurlby Croft, Mulberry Close, Hendon, N.W.4.

TUNNY-FISHING OFF SCARBOROUGH

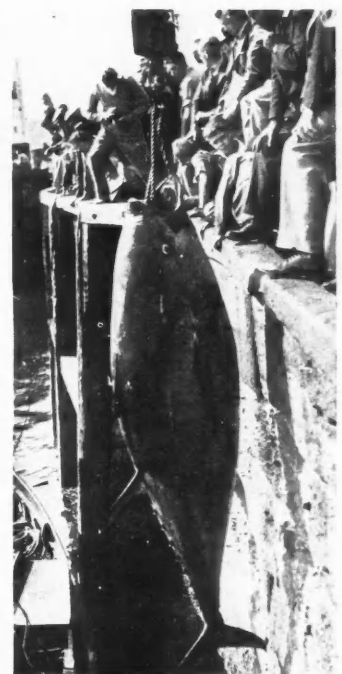
SIR,—In these days of short rations it is to be hoped that those sportsmen who enjoyed fishing for tunny, on the East Coast, will be able to resume the sport this year, and so provide welcome food for the people.

In pre-war years it was a familiar sight to see chunks of tunny on sale in the fishmongers' shops at Scarborough, looking like joints of lean beef, owing to the ruddy colour of the fish. It provides a very palatable dish, and there would be a ready demand for it. Some of the tunnies, landed at Scarborough, weighed 800 lb., so that a good catch would provide ample food for a large number of people.—HENRY WALKER, Gayton, Alford, Lincolnshire.

HOGARTH'S METHOD

From Major-General Sir John Kennedy. SIR,—In your issue of July 27 you reproduce, as an illustration to Mr. R. W. Symonds's interesting article *Principles of Furniture Design*, Hogarth's painting of the second scene in *Marriage à la Mode*, with the caption "An 18th-century room in which the decoration, the furniture, the clothes, the lighting fixtures and the ornament are all in harmony because they belong to an age in which a ruling style has dictated the design."

Mr. R. H. Wilenski, however, in his book *English Painting* writes as



LANDING A TUNNY AT SCARBOROUGH QUAY

See letter: Tunny-fishing off Scarborough

follows: "But in his (Hogarth's) comedy scenes we are tempted to assume that we are looking on accurate delineations of the customs, clothes and apartments of the time. To do this is to fall into error. Everything in Hogarth's work is stressed and distorted for his purpose—caricatured, in the first sense of the word—i.e. 'loaded' or 'charged' (caricata) presentation. Thus the second scene in *Marriage à la Mode* depicts a room in Arlington Street then occupied by Horace Walpole. But we must not

rope and tassel, the chairs, the tables, the candlesticks on the card-tables, the picture frames, the dress of the persons portrayed, are all correct in design and nothing is "stressed and distorted."

The curtain in front of the immodest picture, the funny figures or dolls on the chimneypiece and the strange-looking cartel clock surmounted by an animal of sorts, were not, however, the usual accessories of a nobleman's saloon of the eighteenth century, and they were undoubtedly put into the picture by Hogarth, as Mr. Wilenski suggests, to contribute to the main theme.

Hogarth was essentially a modernist and in nearly all his pictures he depicted the life and things of his own time. He was not a romanticist to show the past. Therefore the rooms in his pictures, because of the accuracy of the detail, have become valuable documents of English furnishing of the time of George II.—ED.]

ELSDON RECTORY

SIR,—Near the church at Elsdon, Northumberland, is a rectory that dates from 1400.

It has the reputation of being one of the finest of the few examples of a mediæval fortified rectory in the whole country and presents a wealth of interesting features and was at one time known as Elsdon

Castle. — J. DENTON ROBINSON, *Darlington, Durham.*

CONIFERS: UTILITY AND AMENITY

SIR,—One answer surely to Mr. Ward's letter in praise of conifers in your issue of July 13, is to be found in the many beautiful photographs scattered through countless numbers of *COUNTRY LIFE* where the broad-leaved trees carry off most of the honours. That is not to say that the coniferae are not beautiful also, as indeed many of them are, but the legitimate grouse of the tree lover is that they have played far too large a part in recent plantings to the exclusion of many valuable indigenous broad-leaved species. Further, it seems that this feeling is supported by scientific considerations as put for-

ward by such eminent authorities as Professor Tansley.

There is much more that might be said about the beauty of form of the various broad-leaved species, the delightful variety of a deciduous wood in Winter and Summer, and the rich profusion of life both animal and vegetable it supports, etc., which would take up too much of your space.

—REYNOLDS STONE, *Buckinghamshire.*

POPE JOAN

SIR,—As there appears to be some doubt about the position of the King on a Pope Joan board, I am giving a sketch of one in my possession which shows an entirely different arrangement of the board. This may be due to an alteration in the game at some period.

I think my board may be well over 100 years old; it is mentioned in an *Inventory of Furniture and Effects* dated 1855.

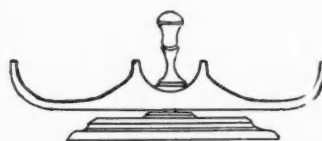
The make and finish of the board appear to be the same in all details as those of the one mentioned in a previous issue with the exception that small urn-shaped vases are painted in each division.

You are welcome to make whatever use you care to of this sketch and letter. —CHARLES A. RICHARDS, *29, Hammelton Road, Bromley, Kent.*

A NATURALIST ON SERVICE

SIR,—For the first time since the beginning of the war, I have had the opportunity during the past few weeks of doing some detailed Nature observation.

Enclosed are two photographs



A POPE JOAN BOARD OF UNCOMMON DESIGN

See letter: Pope Joan

intact, but a scrap ensued while they were being kept in a box prior to photography and, in fact, three dents that can faintly be seen in the upper part of the wing-case of the smaller beetle were caused by his more formidable antagonist. —F. S. R. CERELY (Capt.), *A.P.I.S., H.Q., 39 Wing, R.C.A.F., B.L.A.*

[It is not uncommon for birds to swallow the excrement of their young. In some cases they swallow it for the first few days after the young are



MEDIÆVAL FORTIFIED RECTORY

See letter: Elsdon Rectory

assume that Hogarth made a still-life copy of the room and its equipment. . . . Hogarth has lent his room as it were to his intention as a social satirist. He has filled it with bric-à-brac of his invention all contributing to the idea which is the real subject of the picture." —J. N. KENNEDY, *Hunthill, Jedburgh, Roxburghshire.*

[Mr. R. W. Symonds replies: I feel that Major-General Sir John Kennedy takes Mr. Wilenski too literally. To one well versed in 18th-century design, there is nothing noticeably wrong with the numerous items that compose the room in Scene II of *Marriage à la Mode*. The coved plaster ceiling, the Ionic columns and pilasters supporting the archway between the two rooms, the chimneypiece and overmantel, the firegrate, the firescreen, the chandelier and its



THE MALE REDSTART AT THE NEST IN THE HANGAR WALL

See letter: A Naturalist on Service



THE ADVERSARIES: A STUDY OF STAG-BEETLES

See letter: A Naturalist on Service

which I send in the hope that you will be able to publish them.

The redstarts' nest was about five feet from the ground in a hole in the wall of a hangar on Luneberg Airfield. As well as taking a series of about twenty photographs of this nest, I made a number of notes on the variety of food brought to the youngsters; their diet included flies, small beetles, moths and spiders. A common feature of at least a dozen nests which I have found around this airfield is that they include a wisp of the silvery anti-radar "window," presumably for decorative purposes. Also, although I frequently observed the familiar process of removal of excreta from the nest by one or other of the parent birds, I am certain that on one occasion the female swallowed it while remaining stationary on the nest. I have never read that this process does, in fact, sometimes take place and shall be glad to have your observations on the point.

As for the two male stag-beetles, the larger of the two is by far the largest I have ever seen and measures 77 mm. from the tip of the horns to the tail. When first captured they were

hatched, but as the nestlings got bigger and the capsules of excreta got larger, they carry them off and drop them at a distance.—ED.]

EDGAR THE SWAN

SIR,—A swan (known as Edgar) who lived on a pond in our garden in Hertfordshire for a number of years before the war would follow any man around the garden and would delight in being stroked and petted by a man, but, although he tolerated women at a distance, he would never let them go near him and would frighten them away if they tried to do so. On one occasion my sister made a determined effort to approach him by disguising herself in a coat and pair of trousers belonging to me, but Edgar was not deceived. —G. M. HALSEY (Major), *C.M.F.*

Mr. G. Wingfield-Digby, who is writing a book and is blind, asks us to thank on his behalf a number of readers who responded to his appeal, published in our issue of August 3, for old copies of *COUNTRY LIFE* to be used as "Braille note-paper" but who did not enclose their names and addresses.

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AT MID-SURREY A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

IN the early Summer of 1940 I had seen Cotton win an historic final of the *News of the World* tournament, beating Padgham at the thirty-seventh hole at Mid-Surrey. Not another golf match had I watched till the match-play stage of the *Star* tournament, also in the Old Deer Park. It was very pleasant to be back at the old game and to meet a great many old friends, many of whom I had not seen since war began, among them the great J. H., who had come up from his Devon retreat for the occasion, leaving his shooting-stick behind him, and looking well and youthful enough to dispense with that ally of age. As to Mr. Sidney Fry, who, according to the surely mendacious books, was born in 1869, he was positively gambolling about the course and thought nothing of refereeing one match and then watching another.

Yes, it was all wonderfully pleasant, but from a selfish point of view it would have been pleasanter still if there had been rather fewer people. In the final the crowd advanced down the fairways in a vast black army; sections of it formed up behind the green not merely one but two holes ahead, and it was very difficult to see anything. Free golf on a Saturday afternoon quite close to London may possibly make for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, but my own enthusiasm for it is, I confess, limited. And now, having got that mild little grumble off my chest, let me say something of as much as I did see.

After six years of war, with nobody getting any younger, there were bound to be surprises, and Walton Heath and Mid-Surrey have certainly produced them in the respective victories of Horne and Shoemith. Both are unquestionably good golfers, and I was particularly impressed by Horne, who this time reached the semi-final. He himself is on a small scale but his golf is not; I had been led to believe he

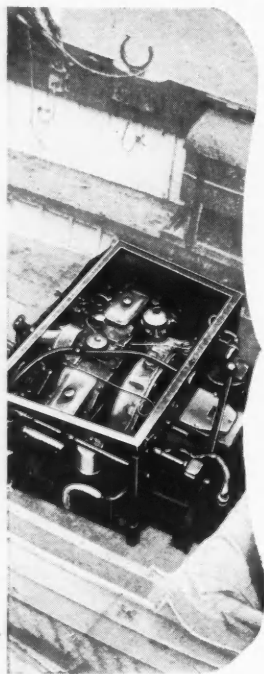
lacked length, but I don't think this is true. He seemed to me to keep going very comfortably in the driving, no matter who was his opponent; he has a very neat, compact, controlled style, standing noticeably still and firm on his feet, and is eminently sound in everything he does. At the moment Shoemith strikes me as a golfer rather more difficult to place, because he had such an obvious "day out" in the putting. That he is habitually a good putter no one can doubt, for he strikes the ball admirably with his aluminium club and strikes it with delightful swiftness and confidence. The short ones he just pops in as if the notion of missing them was absurd, and he looked as likely as not to hole them at any length all day long. But that sort of thing cannot happen for ever, and the rest of his game does not carry quite the same conviction. He is inclined to hit the ball with a "fade" rather than "from inside out" and has a curious habit of shifting his grip as he makes ready to drive, which may be a mere mannerism but does not inspire confidence. That he can play loose shots is clear, but he has plenty of strength, a stout heart and a beautiful short game. Success can afford to laugh at academic disquisitions on style. Nobody can doubt that he is a good player, but exactly how good remains, I think, to be seen on future occasions. This time at least he not only won but won easily, and that in such company takes a great deal of doing.

I don't think I ever had any exalted opinion of myself as a golfing prophet, but I never remember to have been a worse one than on this occasion. I was constantly wrong and can only console myself with the reflection that so were a good many other people who were supposed to know what is what. Thus on the Friday morning I looked forward to seeing a match in the afternoon between Shankland and Knight, both of whom I particularly wanted to watch. Jowle promptly beat Knight, coming up with a great rush towards the end (a 3 at the fifteenth

and a 2 at the sixteenth were really inhuman) and playing altogether very fine golf. Kenyon, thoroughly solid and good right through the tournament, beat Shankland also at the last hole, and there was my first double event gone hopelessly astray. Then after the first day's play I thought, as did nearly everyone else, that Horne and Cotton would meet in the final, and in fact neither of them got there.

It is the business of a golf correspondent to find crucial moments, turning points and crises in the matches he sees, and for what they are worth I will give mine in the two semi-finals. Horne began by winning the first two holes against Kenyon and at the third hole he had a chance of a three to be three up. He went for the putt perhaps a little too confidently, overran the hole, stymied himself and lost the hole. Just at that moment it was palpably an important mistake. Another decisive moment came at the twelfth when they were all square. Horne, playing the odd, took a wooden club for his second and hit a lovely shot which went just too far and was, a little unluckily, bunkered beyond the green. Kenyon, seeing this, played wisely to the foot of the green, won the hole and drew away steadily from that point.

Now for Cotton and Shoemith. So far Cotton had dominated the tournament. He had led easily in the qualifying rounds with two 69s, really magnificent scoring, and in his first two matches neither Cox of Blackpool nor W. B. Thomson ever looked like holding him. Some of his short putts were not hit with any great confidence, but apart from that he was playing the kind of masterful golf that hardly anyone else can play. He was "sailing with supreme dominion" and it was hard to imagine anyone being able to hang on to him. When he met Shoemith he was at once subjected to a shattering barrage of long putts and pitches laid dead. After three rather sketchy shots to the long second hole Shoemith holed a huge putt to win it in four and then ran down another for a three at the third. At the sixth he dispensed



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with the necessity of putting by laying his iron shot dead.

Cotton withstood the barrage calmly and well. He got a hole back with a two at the fifth, he was only two down going to the ninth, with the long punishing second half to come, and he had quite a short putt to win that ninth. If he had holed it—well, I have expressed the contempt I feel for my prophetic powers; at any rate it was a most critical putt. He missed it, and missed another at the next hole. From that point it was virtually all over. The ninth had given Cotton his great chance, he had not taken it, and the Fates do not like their favours being rejected; they are spiteful ladies.

As if I had not been sufficiently in error before, I inclined to the view that Kenyon would win the final, partly because he was going along with so fine a stolidity, partly because I thought that in the matter of holing putts Shoemith could not do it again. Wrong again, hopelessly wrong! Shoemith could do it again; his putts, if not quite so desperately long, were ruthlessly accurate and on this occasion Kenyon lost something of his steadiness and never quite got into his stride. There appeared to me one hole of great import, the fifth. Kenyon had been two down and was now only one. He had apparently the best of the hole; he was near as might be to dead in two and Shoemith some way off. In went Shoemith's putt in the odd and Kenyon missed his little one. Shoemith was two up again and from that point he dominated the proceedings. True he weakened a little towards the end with victory in his grasp, as many another good man has done before him, but there was no real doubt. It was a remarkable and entirely well deserved win.

I must end by paying my respectful compliments to the Mid-Surrey course. To say, as has been said, that it affords a good examination in golf is to say the truth, but not all the truth. It is a thoroughly good course with a charm of its own. I used once to know it as well as I knew any course, and, revisited, it seemed to me to have all its old qualities with something of severer length added. One or two of the tees had gone back to what a short and

humble player can only call the back of beyond. The fourth had become "very fierce," and so had the seventh. It used once to be "a drive and a pitch," though the pitch always wanted play-

ing. To-day there is a really long carry from the tee and the second shot is for ordinary mortals the very devil of a pitch. Altogether, here was an entirely worthy battlefield.

THE EQUINE COCKEREL

HENS, as a race, are not noted for intelligence or adaptability—in fact, stupid is the epithet most commonly applied to them by their irritated owners. But I recall a cockerel who was apparently "brainless," and yet displayed remarkable powers of adapting himself to a queer, un-henlike part in life.

This recollection takes me back to the days of my childhood, and to that intimate association with the smaller livestock of a country home so natural and delightful to children. We kept a considerable number of hens—Plymouth Rocks, they were, which was rather puzzling to the young mind, as there was also a housemaid who belonged to the set known as Plymouth Brethren, and it was not unreasonably felt that there ought to have been some connection between the two, but it was difficult to trace.

With the Spring came all the excitement of the hatching chicks, who were admiringly gloated over on their first golden appearance. But with an otherwise satisfactory clutch it was found after a little while that one of these chicks was a weakling, always being pushed aside from the food dish, always shoved out from the protecting warmth of the maternal feathers. Attempts to feed it specially were a failure. It was silly, as well as weak, so that it would hardly attempt to eat when given a chance, but seemed to wait for the overwhelming rush of its brothers and sisters at any sign of food, and was then inevitably pushed aside.

This went on till the chicks had grown into gawky ugly creatures. Then one morning there was an uproar in the hen run, and the Older Person who had gone to see what was the matter, returned with the unfortunate chick nearly dead. It had been set upon by all its unnatural relations, and the top of its head pecked off. What brains it had were apparently

gone—the top of its head was hollow. The child, in tears, begged first-aid treatment for the poor fowl, the injured head was annointed with vaseline, and nourishment was administered. The child was given complete charge of the invalid, who was first nursed in a basket. Then a separate bit of garden was fenced off, and strictly private meals provided for the wounded cockerel—as it turned out to be. From that day the creature never looked back, and grew rapidly into something that was a cross between the usual weather-vane on a church-steeple, and an ostrich—its legs were incredibly long and incredibly active.

The child found it a marvellous playmate—forsaking a somewhat gruff Airedale dog and a self-centred Persian cat for its company. The brainless cockerel was entirely good-tempered, and prepared to take any part that was required of it. The most celebrated of its impersonations was that of a horse. The child possessed quite a sizeable cart on wheels, and to this the cockerel was harnessed with a set of thick leather harness; the cart was filled with stones (it was a remarkably strong bird!) and the cockerel used to rush up and down the garden paths with the load of stones, the child running behind holding the reins, flourishing a whip, and shouting "Gee-hup!" as the carters did at the farm. The sight of those horny ostrich legs is with me still. It was a spectacle that sent my parents' visitors into fits of hysterical laughter, but what cared a child or a cockerel-cum-horse for the idle amusement of grown-ups?

It is comforting to be able to relate that after these exertions the equine bird was taken into the stable where the real horse lived, unharnessed, rubbed down with much hissing, and given a liberal feed of corn.

ESTHER MEYNELL.

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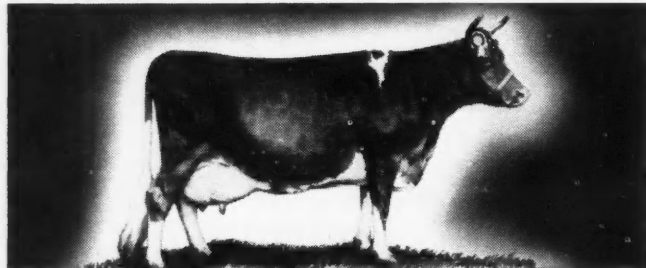
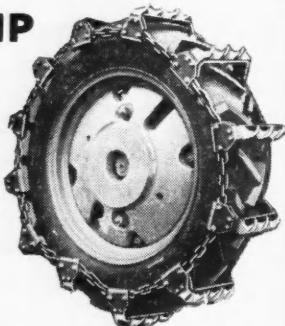
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FARMING NOTES

HARVEST PROGRESS

AS I write, the combine harvester is just finishing a piece of barley and making a good job of it. It is Spring barley, but the crop is fully ripe, at least a fortnight before it would be in most seasons. Indeed the heads are well necked over and the straw bent so that the grain is almost touching the ground, making it difficult for the knives to catch everything.

At the start the combining was a wonderfully clean job, no grain being missed. The last two days of hot sun have bent the crop, and the stubble will provide food for partridges and other birds, losing me at least a sack of good grain to the acre. But I must not complain. Indeed, I feel most grateful to my neighbour for the use of his combine for a week before his crops were fully mature. Apart from this crop, harvest has been proceeding on more traditional lines. The flax is safely in rick. So is a small field of Spring barley which was beaten down by July storms and cut early. The carting of Winter oats, the white Aberystwyth S.147, is next on the programme and then we have a straight run ahead with wheat carting.

At this point to shake my complacency a message came in from the field that the combine was running out of bags. Would I get some more straightaway? This done, I returned to the typewriter. We are winnowing the barley as it comes off the combine before sacking in the regulation 2-cwt. sacks. This winnowing with a hand machine is the bottleneck. Two men and a boy are doing about 40 sacks a day, which does not keep pace with the combine. Its output in a full day has been running at over 200 bags, each roughly a cwt.

Schoolboys' Help

THIS harvest again my farm has the assistance of a schoolboy harvest camp. It is a small camp consisting of two masters, three boys and two sisters of one of the boys. They are all seasoned workers, having come back several times, and we are always glad to see them. There are times when we could do with a considerably bigger gang. When we see truckloads of German prisoners and Irishmen sailing by on the main road my foreman tells me that we could do with more help. That is true enough and for some of our war-time harvests we have brought in Americans who were stationed nearby and also British troops. This time with the powerful aid of my neighbour's combine we shall manage and leave the Germans and Irishmen to help others who need them more than I do.

A Good "Take"

MOST of the grass and clover seeds sown this Spring have made a good "take." There was plenty of moisture to keep the young plants growing once they had germinated. In some seasons they get a start and then the tender shoots dry off in a drought. I am sure it is sound practice generally to give young seeds a dressing of phosphates as soon as the nurse crop of corn is carried. Phosphates now help the clovers and grasses to make a strong root system and to spread themselves before the Winter. The most effective fertiliser for this purpose is ammonium phosphate which gives the right combination of phosphate and nitrogen in concentrated form. This is a granular fertiliser that we have been getting during the war from Canada. My merchant tells me that supplies are difficult at the moment, but he is hopeful of getting me 2 or 3

tons for application to the young seeds before the end of this month.

Value of Weeds

WE are apt to imagine that all the virtues repose in the crop we grow deliberately and that the weeds on the farm have no value. I see from *Nature* that Mr. King Wilson of Harper Adams Agricultural College, has been assessing the feeding value of twitch or couch grass. This is widespread enough on most farms, taking a strong hold on the banks of hedges and uncultivated land as well as, all too often, on arable land. He has found that the roots or rhizomes are eaten readily by pigs, and they are also liked by domestic rabbits. Making a chemical test, Mr. King Wilson has discovered that the composition of dried roots of twitch is much the same as that of meadow hay. There is, in fact, less fibre in the rhizomes, and also less protein and mineral matter. Twitch is, in fact, a better feeding-stuff than most straw.

Can we make use of this information? On my own farm, where twitch grows all too readily on fields that have carried two or three corn crops, we have to make a dead set at the couch periodically. What we do is to plough the stubbles in the Autumn and again in the Spring, and then put in the cultivator and drags to get the twitch to the top; then with link harrows we can gather it together ready for burning. It is, of course, in dusty heaps, assuming that the weather is dry, which is what one wants. I doubt whether this dusty twitch would make very palatable feed for livestock, and burning is probably the best method of disposal. I know that some farmers have found that they can kill the twitch by repeatedly ploughing it under. They argue that by this method, rather than burning the twitch, they preserve plant food for use later by crops. I must say I prefer to see the stuff go up in smoke.

Advice to Service Men

A GOOD many of the men and women in the Services who are looking to farming as a career when they are released will welcome a small booklet issued by the National Association of Poultry Breeders under the title of *Poultry Farming as a Career*. The association wants to prevent a repetition of the disaster which overtook so many who entered the poultry industry after the last war with high hopes but with little appreciation of the difficulties they would meet and the equipment, both in experience and finance, necessary to last them. The first necessity, as this booklet says, is to make sure that you like poultry. You must like poultry so much that you will want to be working among your birds and on your farm all day and every day, year in and year out, with very little time off. You must be ready to leave your comfortable armchair by the fire on a cold Winter night, facing rain, snow and sleet, while you have your last look round to see that your youngest chicks are comfortable for the night, that they are under the hovers, which are burning properly and have not flared up and sooted up since you last adjusted them so carefully. The most important piece of advice is that the newcomer should try the job first by working on someone else's farm before sinking his capital in his own farm. Copies of this booklet can be obtained, price 3d., from the Secretary of the N.A.P.B., Orchard Farm, Broad Street Common, Guildford, Surrey. Free copies will be posted to individual Service men who apply direct to the Association. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

INROADS ON INCOME

AS long ago as the year 1909 the cost of repairs and maintenance on landed estates was investigated by a body of experts, who had before them the figures relating to more than 2,000,000 acres. Comparatively low as the cost of labour and materials then was, the figures worked out to just under 30 per cent. of the gross income. Nowadays, whether we consider the single house or the miscellany of buildings, fences, and so forth embraced in an average landed property, the cost of essential renovations to make up for war-time neglect would probably leave not a penny of a whole year's rentals, and, be it remembered, no part of the cost would be recoverable as war damage, though it is definitely due to the war. Perhaps one of the lessons of this is that whatever work of renovation and rearrangement is carried out should be done with the best and most permanent materials that can be obtained. For example, timbering. Wherever practicable the use of reinforced concrete will be a permanent economy, especially seeing the poor quality of unseasoned wood that is the only kind that can now be bought. Great and almost incredible advantages are claimed in the way of permanence, durability, lightness and low cost, for many materials that have come into existence for war use, and possibly, in the post-war renovations and adaptations, these may play a useful part.

THE £10 LIMIT EXTENSION

AS from August 1 the £10 limit on building to any hereditament was extended to the entire country, instead of being, as hitherto since its imposition, essentially a London matter. While admitting that the scarcity of labour and the lack of materials are in the first instance the cause of the restriction, its results can only be deplored. The best time of the year for certain sorts of repairing is slipping by, and appeals to small tradesmen, by courtesy called "builders," to do up to £10 worth of external painting have been in vain. They say "You cannot do much for £10," meaning quite often that there is no scope for profit in a £10 order. The large building firms have but very reduced staffs, are subject to the same £10 limit, and can fill in their time with contracts for local and other authorities, who are immune from the limit. Damage directly referable to enemy action receives attention, but the quality of the work done sometimes leaves much to be desired.

DEPRECIATION THROUGH LATENT INJURY

NEITHER the owner who happens to take a one-sided view of his opportunities of compensation, nor the most conscientious agent, can be sure that, after exhaustive examination of a house or other building, he has not failed to discover latent injuries. For example fractured foundations, displaced timbering and so forth, may lay up a store of expense and trouble for an owner, perhaps long after proof that they resulted from war damage is possible. Actually, in London and elsewhere, there are cases where, with full knowledge that premises have suffered serious damage, the owners refrain from claiming because of their fear that examination might lead to an order for at least temporarily vacating the property. In some suburbs every house within a quarter-of-a-mile of a flying bomb explosion lost ceilings, chimneys, doors and windows, and these, like roofs, were taken

in hand by the emergency squads of so-called "builders," but, as owners are now finding out, cracks in walls may require much more than filling with plaster. Continuing falls of plaster indicate continuing movement, and yet appeals to make timely and adequate repairs are unavailing. Defects that might cost £50 to put right are apparently to be left until the cost may be tenfold, assuming indeed that they can be rectified at all after a long interval. All that an agent can do in such cases is to advise his client that he has lodged the appropriate claim. It does not seem that much else is possible, while officials brandish "the £10 limit for building" at any claimant for more than superficial damage. A nice question is what may be the ultimate effect on the market value of premises that need hundreds of pounds spent on essential structural repairs. As the damage fully reveals itself neither buyers nor tenants may be obtainable.

PROVISION FOR WAR-DAMAGE

APPREHENDING the risk of a serious damage, some firms allocated money year by year throughout the war to a special fund to supplement anything they might receive as compensation. Congratulating the shareholders on the fact, the chairman of one London company said that so little had they suffered that a balance of fully £50,000 had accrued. It was resolved to apply it to reserve. Another company, controlling among its manifold activities some well-known hotels, declares that any compensation it may eventually receive must fall far short of the cost of restoring their properties to an earning condition, and that no approximate estimate can be made until all the company's premises shall have been de-requisitioned. Tens of thousands of owners of single houses or other comparatively small properties are still presenting claims for compensation.

RE-INSTATEMENT OF HOTELS

NO date has yet been indicated for the final release of large hotels and blocks of flats, and, until the proprietors can make sure of obtaining enough skilled labour and prime quality materials, few of them are anxious to have premises thrown back on their hands. As regards the reinstatement of most properties of that type there is generally speaking so much to be done that the emphasis is on skilled as to labour and prime quality as to materials. The kind of workmen that have earned high wages in emergency repairing work, and much of the materials they have used, are not fitted for high-class renovation of valuable properties. If adequate supplies of labour and materials are ready early next year it may be possible for hotel and boarding-house proprietors to prepare for a fuller resumption of business than is possible at present; in fact, very many establishments must put up with another idle year. Meanwhile the charges for accommodation of quite second-class style exceed what used in pre-war days to rule in the best hotels.

Admittedly the cost of equipment and the high wages of staffs leave but a small net profit, and the difficulties about fuel and food were never so acute as now. "Holidays at home" has been and will be the motto of many people, especially as the basic ration of petrol limits them to a short range of travel, and trains are as crowded as ever. ARBITER.

Mr. Howard Spring is on holiday, but will resume his articles next week.

MEMO

LIFTING AND
STORING POTATOES

X DON'T LIFT TOO EARLY.

As long as the haulm is green and free from blight, the crop will be putting on weight—at least until the middle of September. Don't lift too late. It's best if the tops are dead by the end of September and lifting completed in October, before it gets too wet. Wait till the skins are set; test by rubbing hard with thumb.

X GUARD AGAINST BLIGHT AT LIFTING TIME.

You can

BURN OFF WITH ACID OR CUT OFF THE TOPS
10 DAYS BEFORE YOU LIFT

OR

DELAY LIFTING UNTIL THE TOPS HAVE BEEN QUITE
DEAD FOR 10 DAYS

OR

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF FINE WEATHER TO LIFT WHEN
THE TUBERS WILL DRY QUICKLY.

Blight infects wet tubers easily.

If you are short of machinery and labour,
ask your War Committee. They may have
lifting machinery for hire or be able to
supply gang labour.

EVERY FARM A BETTER FARM

POWER IN
THE LAND

Lister

ENGINES
PUMPS
ELECTRIC
GENERATING SETS
DAIRY EQUIPMENT
SHEEP SHEARS
CATTLE CLIPPERS

R.A.LISTER & CO LTD DURSLEY GLOS



NEW FURS and SHOES

(Left) Stole in natural Canadian sable with a flat, oblong muff and a toque of violets

(Below) Town and country coat in wallaby, a frosted brown colour, with wide sleeves. A high frilled turban in nut brown felt. Both models from Debenham and Freebody

PHOTOGRAPHS: STUDIO BUCKLEY



THE furs of the Winter show considerable change. There are few fox ties and jackets, and it is the flat furs—sable, mink, dyed ermine, otter, ocelot, seal, Persian lamb—that are fashionable. The many sable ties and muffs of Edwardian opulence are at one end of the scale, the lamb, antelope and dyed rabbit Utility jackets at the other. Both are styled with great chic.

Coat styles have changed, for eighty per cent. hang straight from the shoulder. They are tailored like a thick tweed, and left plain, with neat collars or revers, tailored pockets and a fullish swing back. The fitted coat with circular skirt set into a tight bodice buttoning high, Cossack-wise, is less in evidence, but very smart as it is shown occasionally still in seal, Persian lamb and in mink. Minks are closely tapered to a snug waist; the seal often set into an inlet waistband of black suède or boxcloth. The straight mink coats tend to be worked downwards, sleeves and all, rather than have the melon-shaped sleeves worked horizontally, and otter coats follow the same lines and are dyed to a rich mink colour. Some three-quarter coats at Debenham and Freebody's in cocoa-dyed ermine and bronze seal show a completely different silhouette with their gathered peplums and bodices and narrow inlet bands to keep the waist quite taut at the crucial spot. Straight coats, full-length, in wallaby and opossum are less expensive

and splendid town and country coats. Their clear grey and frosted brown are most becoming with tweeds or over sleek black.

Everything in fashion tends to be more exotic this Winter, so that the sable ties and stoles are quite in the picture with their tails and heads and the way they drape round the shoulders of plain tailored coats and suits giving them a touch of drama and elegance. Sometimes these stoles are stranded to make a shallow shoulder cape with two or four skins and tails to tie in front and a flat, oblong muff to match; sometimes they are slit so that two of the skins can be slipped over one shoulder. They are expensive, of course, but extremely becoming with the unique lustre and colour of sable.

At the other end of the financial scale come the excellent Utility jackets cut on straight boxy lines with square shoulders and neat revers. They are in dyed rabbit, when they are light, warm, becoming; in dyed lamb or in white lamb, when they are heavier but also more hard-wearing; in antelope, when they are often given collars of rabbit-dyed nutria. To my mind the curly white lambs are the smartest of all, though the golden-dyed lamb jackets, where the skins are shaved to look like beaver, are certainly most attractive. Rabbit is dyed and treated to look like musquash, chinchilla or squirrel, and then stranded in the same way, and the coats are very